



JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXI, No. 812 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1922. TWO PENCE

A 1922
SUGGESTION
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To H.M. The King

Don't Buy Water at the Price of Milk.

COMPARE THE THICK RICHNESS OF

NESTLÉ'S ENGLISH OR SWISS MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM,

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Milks offered at other prices are not guaranteed by us.

Appearances are deceptive to the casual purchaser, so beware of the countless imitations that have been introduced on the market. Demand "Nestlé's." Substitutes may be more remunerative to the trader, but they will certainly cause disappointment to the consumer.

A very large proportion of the numerous male staff at our 7 important Condenseries established in this country are ex-service men. As no less than 30% of these were discharged unfit from the Army and Navy, requests for our English Milk, assist British labour, British agriculture and the livelihood of ex-service men, a large number of whom were disabled in the service of their country.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES

A BOOK OF RECORDS (12 Selections)
GIVEN AWAY FREE.
SENSATIONAL GRAMOPHONE OFFER.
A SIX-GUINEA MACHINE FOR 50/- ONLY.

Readers of this paper will have seen our previous advertisements offering a beautiful six-guinea Horns Gramophone for only 50/-, and as we have a few hundreds of these machines left, we are giving, as an extra inducement to those customers ordering quickly, a book containing 6 double-side 10-inch records—making 12 selections—and a box of 200 needles free. This beautiful musical instrument is already the best bargain ever offered in Gramophones, and our special new free gift will make the machine cost only a little over 30/-.

Every Machine guaranteed exactly as illustrated.



These high-class New Model Gramophones are made on exactly the same principle as the most up-to-date Cabinet de luxe Gramophones, costing upwards of 20 guineas. Don't be gulled into buying clumsy, old-fashioned German tin horn machines, or cheap-looking Grille boxes. Note the specification of this machine, which is **GUARANTEED HIGH CLASS THROUGHOUT**, and cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than **SIX GUINEAS**.

The tone of these machines is far **SUPERIOR** and **MORE NATURAL** than the old-fashioned, clumsy, horn machines, with its mellow vibration, besides the saving of room and its portability. **OUR PRICE** for these machines **FOR A LIMITED TIME** is 50/- only, which includes the **FREE GIFT BOOK OF RECORDS (12 Selections)** and **BOX OF 200 NEEDLES**. Sent to any address on receipt of remittance, securely packed in box and **SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED**. Handsome in appearance, exquisite in tone, faultless in finish.

DON'T DELAY. Send your order now

If unable to send full cash at once, secure the machine now by sending a small deposit; the balance can be paid at your own convenience.

SPECIFICATION:
 Solid Oak Cabinet, polished dark antique, artistically embellished with ornate carvings on doors and sides. Powerful and very silent-running motor, with double record spring, 10in. turntable that will take up to 12in. records, nickel silver plated swan-neck tone arm, special concert sound-box, with insulated rubber back, speed regulator, Oak grille in front of machine and double folding doors on piano hinges to increase or diminish sound at will.
 Size of machine approximately: 16in. long, 14 1/2 in. wide, and 8 in. deep.

Cash refunded if not delighted with your bargain.

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MANCHESTER.

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THE UNIVERSAL STORES

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Wincarnis gives
 new vitality to
 those who are
Run-down
 because —

Wincarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, health-giving preparation.

As a Tonic it "tones up" the whole system. As a Restorative it restores lost vitality. As a Blood-maker it enriches and re-vitalises the blood; and as a Nerve Food it promotes new nerve force.

That is why over 10,000 doctors recommend Wincarnis.

If you are Weak, or Anæmic, or



Nervous, or Run-down—begin taking Wincarnis to-day. But be sure you get Wincarnis—shun substitutes.

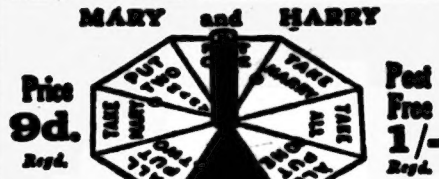
All Wine Merchants and Licensed Chemists and Grocers sell Wincarnis. Try just one bottle.

Small Size, 3/3. — Large Size, 6/-.

WINGARNIS
 The Wine of Life.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Played with two pool cards and a Joker. Agents wanted—Millions will be sold. (Enclose stamp for reply).

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THIS is a perfectly straightforward business proposal which will interest you if you have a garden. The cost of printing these beautiful illustrated catalogues is now so great that they cannot be sent to any but genuine garden lovers. To eliminate the merely curious it is requested that applications for these catalogues be accompanied by 6d. stamps. In return, besides the catalogue asked for, Bees Ltd. will send six packets of seed, price 1/-, and a voucher, worth another 1/- to you when you send in your order. The result is that you get goods value 2/- for 6d., besides a most interesting and useful garden catalogue. The seeds you will get are regular 2d. packets of Beet, Carrot, Lettuce, Toad Flax, Shirley Poppy, Rainbow Calliopsis. Write to-day, stating whether you desire Beet, Flower and Vegetable Seed Catalogue or the Rose and Plant List or both. These books contain 24 pages of photograph illustrations. Enclose 6d. stamps.

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SPLendid WOOL RAGLAN OVERCOATS
 WEIGHT 5 to 6 lbs. IN DARK FAWNY GREY
FOR ONLY 21/- EACH POST FREE.

These fine coats of fashionable cut were actually invoiced by the manufacturers at 60/- each. Only a few are left and at the astonishingly low price of 21/- all will soon be sold out.

Seize this opportunity NOW.

NOTE. When ordering state weight and chest measure over waistcoat.

Every coat is so'd under the JOHN BULL Guarantee. Your satisfaction is therefore assured.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED.

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ALWAYS the best & still the best TO-DAY

For making the lightest, most digestible and appetising Bread, Cakes, Pastries, Puddings and Pies,

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

has had an unrivalled reputation all over the world for nearly 80 years.

AN ALL-WEATHER BICYCLE for £4:17:6

A sturdy "All-weather" cycle, made in the best factories (H.A. & B.E.) for the Government; thoroughly overhauled, and guaranteed to be in perfect condition, will be sent you direct for £4:17:6. Get this splendid winter knock-about, and save pounds in time, money and trouble. Money returned if not satisfied. Write or call at 125, Gray's Inn Road.

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 CYCLE CO LIMITED

Dept. V, 224, Gray's Inn Road W.C.1.



You could not have a more comforting "night cap" than

STONE'S GINGER WINE



—take a glass just before bedtime.

In Bottles, from Licensed Grocers, etc., and sold by the glass at all Bars, Public Houses, etc.

Be sure you get **STONE'S**—Look for the name on the LABEL.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Stone's Ginger Wine, Finsbury, London. E.C.1.

Formulation 1746.

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—Joseph Story.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant : Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer, The dread of all who wrong."—Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 818.

Week ending Saturday, February 4th, 1922.

Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Polygamists.

Fancy asking Mr. Shortt to evict the Mormons! When did the right hon. gentleman ever evince the least sense of the high responsibilities belonging to his office?

The Royal Bride.

May we respectfully suggest that, on her wedding day, Princess Mary should literally "go out of her way" to receive the greetings of the London public? The drive from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey and back by the Mall route will be all too short for the purpose.

Watch Macdonald!

Remembering his former escapades in India, we are not too ready to accept Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's assurance that his present visit to Egypt is "entirely non-political." In Egypt, no less than in India, at the moment a spark may ignite the powder magazine.

Much Ado.

While so many live children are blue from cold and starvation, we are not prepared to excite ourselves over the disposal of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Let it go!

The Mind Ecclesiastic.

We fear Lord Robert Cecil will never be allowed to forget Mr. Devlin's description of him as having "one foot in the Middle Ages and the other in the League of Nations." Both Lord "Bob" and his still abler brother, Lord Hugh, are good bishops spoiled.

The Hague.

By the way, the permanent Court of International Justice, called into being by the League of Nations, holds its first sitting at The Hague this week. The venue is not happily chosen. The Dutch capital is the cenotaph of the world's dead hopes.

A Brain Wave.

Sir Alfred Mond has made a great discovery. It has been borne in upon what he is pleased to call his mind that all this fuss about lunatics is due to people reading the books of Charles Reade, who died in 1884. Fancy no one ever thinking of that before!

The Doctor's Dilemma.

So the doctor in the Armstrong case has been compelled, notwithstanding the professional rule of secrecy, to admit that the prisoner recently suffered from a certain disease. Surely there is no help for it in murder trials. But it is high time that the matter was put upon a proper statutory footing.

Footwork.

Whatever Napoleon may have said, an Army marches on its feet, and it is no doubt a wise, if belated, move on the part of the War Office to appoint chiropodists, who, at sixpence a day per thousand feet, are not overpaid. Is it supposed to be a labour of love?

Precept and Practice.

In view of the proud American boast that "all men are created equal," it is rather a shock to learn that sixty-three persons were lynched in the United States last year without formal trial. But then Uncle Sam always was a bit of a wag on moral questions.

ONE—WEEK

£2,000

FOOTBALL PRIZE

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover.

Naughty Words.

In Scotland the Courts have created a precedent by admitting a wife's talk in her sleep as evidence of infidelity. If this ruling is to be followed in England, the last hope of overtaking arrears in the Divorce Court would seem to have disappeared.

Delayed Justice.

The deliberations of the Committee on the Detention in Custody of Prisoners Committed for Trial have been as long-winded as their name. It has taken them six months to put forward four suggestions which had occurred to every intelligent critic of our judicial system before they began.

The Authorised Version.

According to the viewpoint of the reader, the Bible may be regarded as a work of sacred inspiration or simply as a masterpiece of literature. Therefore we fail to see why there should be all this fuss over the comminatory Psalms in which the enemies of the Lord are rhythmically cursed. We hate the idea of a Bowdlerised Bible.

Medical Mauling.

A King's Bench Divisional Court has laid it down that a child attending a public elementary school is subject to compulsory medical examination. We presume, therefore, that if the child refuses, even upon the instructions of its parents, a reasonable amount of force may be used and no action for assault will lie. But of course it does not apply to the children of the well-to-do.

Remember!

According to General Lord Horne, the present British Army is only for "small wars." So were the "Old Contemptibles," of course, and the fact that there were not more of them nearly cost us our life as a nation.

Brightening London.

True to his character as an unconventional literary humorist, Mr. G. K. Chesterton thinks it would be a mistake to Brighton London. This is a matter for argument—although we agree that, in some circumstances, if Brighton were nearer London it would be a good deal less convenient.

A Labour of Love.

Our "crusade" for crippled children, through which we undertake to furnish skilled surgical assistance for all but the most hopeless cases, has been eagerly taken up by parents and others interested in the welfare of these suffering mites. The heavier the work becomes the better we shall be pleased.

Foreigners on the Halls.

In looking round for the causes of the present slump, music-hall managers might well consider the undue prominence given to foreign "turns," while sound British artists are starving for employment. Incidentally, foreign animal-trainers are by far the worst offenders as regards cruelty to dumb performers.

Lucid!

In a recent speech, Mr. Winston Churchill defined a Liberal as "a man who does his utmost to bring Liberal principles to bear upon the policy of his country." Isn't this rather like the curate's definition of an archdeacon as "a clergyman who discharges archidiaconal functions"?

Birth Control.

Since Lord Dawson's famous address to the Church Congress, the question of Birth Control has been very much to the front. Ideally there are strong objections to these practices, but surely anything is better than the present epidemic of abortion among a section of the population.

An Invitation to All.

We desire to assure our readers that the expression, "Write to JOHN BULL About It!" is no empty phrase, but an earnest personal invitation. In any case of trouble or adversity we will help if we can. If not, it may be our privilege to offer a word of counsel or sympathy. So if things go wrong just tell us all about it, and we will see what can be done.

Wages or Relief?

It is true the cost of living has slightly gone down, but it will require sharper eyesight than most of us possess to justify the Petersfield Council in asking a man with four children to accept a wage of £1 8s. 10d. a week. Their refusal of an increase of 5s. a week can only mean that what they will not pay in wages must be paid in relief, with the disadvantage of stigmatising the recipient.

"Wicked" Wales.

When Mr. Lloyd George has a moment to spare from his arduous oratorical performances in politics, we shall be glad if he will arise to make a few fervent remarks on the allegations of Sir Henry Lewis, of Bangor, as to the shocking statistics regarding illegitimate births in Wales last year. Purity and piety do not always go hand in hand.

Law and Lunacy.

The Conference on Lunacy Administration have recommended that the law should be so amended as to enable public mental hospitals to receive for treatment voluntary boarders. The line of demarcation between what is called sanity and what is diagnosed as lunacy is very fine. A nerved-wracked man or woman may often be saved from actual insanity by using a mental hospital as a temporary home of rest.

A Welcome Example.

If there are any medals going for speeding-up industry, the tinplate workers of Llanelly are hereby recommended for the same. Eighty boxes of tinplates a shift has hitherto been regarded as a fair-to-middling day's work in the post-war moods of men. Recently the workers have made 123 boxes a shift. The industry, given a continuance of this exemplary energy, will very soon come into its own. Meanwhile, it is setting an example to many others.

Senseless Reticence.

An unemployed man, registered at the Lewisham Labour Exchange, was taken ill with influenza, and died in the Infirmary. His widow applied for any arrears of dole due to him, but was refused payment as "it was not possible to obtain the man's signature to receipt." The manager might, however, have added that upon production of the death certificate by the next-of-kin, the money due would be paid. Now, why could he not have given this information as readily to the widow as he did to a representative of this journal who called on her behalf?

Mistaken Mercy.

Two cases before Mr. Justice Rowlatt at Wilts Winter Assizes suggest that his Lordship is inclined to take, we shall not say a light view, but a very inadequate punitive view, of offences against young children. A Bratton baker named Flooks pleaded guilty to assaulting a child of four years. Apparently on the ground that "the injury was not permanent," the Judge's sentence was six weeks' hard labour. A soldier assaulted a seven-year-old child. As he had been in prison three months awaiting trial, the Judge decided that a further period of one month's hard labour was sufficient punishment. Leniency in such cases is grievously mistaken.

A Word to the Workers.

We are glad to have confirmation of our repeatedly expressed views from no less an authority than an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. McKenna, Chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, speaking at the general meeting of that mammoth financial institution. Said he: "The first effect of a restriction of output is a rise in the cost of living; the next effect is general unemployment." When agitators seek to weave their spell, our working-class friends must remember that things are not always what they seem.

"Gillette" Made in Germany.

A forty-pound fine, with five guineas costs and the forfeiture of his stock, was the penalty imposed at the Guildhall by Alderman Jacobs upon William Pearl, a hardware merchant, of Aldersgate Street, for exposing for sale safety-razor blades to which a false trade description was applied. Pearl procured the blades in large quantities from Germany; and they were of so spurious a nature that it was a danger to use them. In the event of a cut the consequences might have proved fatal, and at the best they were liable to cause skin disease. Such callous indifference to the well-being of one's fellows for the sake of a few tainted pounds deserves the severest censure.

**What do
the Mormons
want**

?

**FIVE Prizes of £10 each
and many more Prizes
are offered for the best
answers to this and other
"QUEERIES." Full partic-
ulars in the**

**"PASSING SHOW"
& "LONDON MAIL."
On Sale Everywhere—2d.**

Who Won The War?

We won the war, but Messrs. R. J. Moss and Sons, gas engineers, of Birmingham, have their doubts about it. On the outbreak of hostilities they owed a German firm £6 5s. They were stopped from paying the bill by the British Government—who, on behalf of the Huns, now brusquely demand payment of the account, with £2 4s. 10d. compound interest in addition. Our Government not only collects the enemy debts with compound interest, but also actually at the rate of exchange pays these Huns over £30 for £6. We Britons are a noble race. Had the Germans won the war, we are very certain they would not have enabled us to collect debts for the Fatherland, with compound interest.

"Bits of England."

Two stall-holders in Queen's Road, Upton Park, were summoned for insulting behaviour, and the West Ham Magistrate was informed that the trouble rose over the right to a "pitch." Most of the stall-holders are foreigners of varying nationalities, and the police stated that "old places for old faces" was the rule. "And a good rule," responded Mr. Ratcliffe. "Here, it seems, all sorts of foreigners scramble for bits of England, and want the monopoly of the best spots in the market." By which it will be seen that when the Magistrate said "old faces" he was referring to the native brand, and we trust the police authorities will see to it that the old and best places are indeed allotted to them. We have left too many "bits of England" in Flanders and the East to be robbed of them in our own country with impunity.

Price and Purity.

Inspector Green, of Islington, recently found that the fluid hawked as milk at 7d. a quart was watery in the extreme. "The proper price of milk," says Dr. Trotter, Medical Officer of Health for the Borough, "is 9d. per quart, and the inference regarding anything at less than this is that the article is either skimmed milk or a mixture." And even at 9d. things aren't always what they seem.

The Hymnologist!

In a London street the other day a reader heard a poor shivering out-o'-work, only too evidently starving, weakly singing: "I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness." Says he, "It struck me as about as much in harmony with the state of things as the ermined and jewelled woman who sings complacently from her pew, 'O Paradise, O Paradise, who doth not crave for rest?' We hope the poor street singer had a good collection.

Too Lenient.

For their offence—two heartless attempts to victimise a blind news vendor by palming off on him worthless coins—a pair of Liverpool hopefuls, aged 16 and 10 respectively, were brought before the Magistrates, the elder being fined 40s. and the younger discharged with a caution. As the Bench remarked, it was a despicable offence. But its enormity could, in our opinion, have been more effectively brought home to the culprits, the younger of whom at least might have been ordered a birching.

Feeding on Wood.

Alfred Stocker, of Goldington, an ex-stableman of the Oakley Hunt kennels, left a horse in the stable without food for several days. The starving animal ate up all the woodwork within reach, and was in so emaciated a condition that it had to be shot. Stocker was sentenced to two months' hard labour at the Bedford Police Court. We are glad the brute wasn't offered the option of a fine, though we wish it had been possible to inflict a diet of bread and water for the first week, and very little of that.

A La Prussian.

Colonel Brian Fairfax, of Middlethorpe Manor, York, is a military gent who apparently stands "no dam nonsense, don't yer know." His chauffeur, after waiting for hours, called at the garage for the car to fetch the gallant warrior from a call. The Fiery Fairfax ordered him to remove a cigarette he happened to be finishing, and followed up the order by clutching his throat, throwing him down, kneeling on his stomach, and nearly strangling him. Perhaps £21 damages will cure this bumptious brass-hat of his taste for Prussianism.

Holy Weymouth.

At present the residents of Weymouth are allowed to breathe all day, Sundays included. But how long that may last none can prophesy. The sanctimonious crew who boss this place, and which they yet claim is a "pleasure resort," having succeeded in reducing the sale of food and drink on the Sabbath to a farcical minimum, have now made it illegal to sell tobacco on Sundays—except in pubs, and only for a few hours. Weymouth is close to Portland Prison, and soon it may be difficult to tell the difference between the two places.

Don't decide in a hurry—first "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

An Understanding Judge.

When neighbours sought to evict a woman for the habit of swearing, Judge Crawford said that he had a heart and knew what sort of life such people had to lead. It was not surprising that the strain of child-bearing resulted in nervous breakdown, and that the woman sometimes used language that people in another class of society would not think of. This is the law in its best light.

"Blood and Fire."

If Mr. Septimus Cockerton, of Chesterfield Road, Leyton, an officer of the Salvation Army, is permitted to remain in said Army, it is hoped the General-in-Command will induce him to cool his blood and suppress his fire. He has been fined 20s. or 13 days gaol for annoying women in Hyde Park by walking beside them and forcing his company on them. To say the least, it is the conduct of an unmitigated cad.

Virtue's Reward.

At Pwllheli, which is in Wales, a cow, one of a herd being driven to the Station, had the misfortune to fall into the harbour. It was high tide at the time, and with commendable promptitude nine men commandeered a motor boat, and ultimately, after an exciting experience, rescued the animal by lassoing it. Duly grateful, the owner of the cow gave them a penny each. Another striking example of what a man in a generous mood can do with ninepence!

Stale Rolls.

In June last a number of Ross-shire ex-Service men were persuaded to part with 7s. 6d. for an Imperial Forces Roll of Honour, plus a further sum of £1 for framing same, by a representative of a firm calling themselves The Imperial Patriotic Publicity Co., of New Stevenston, Glasgow, with a branch office at Inverness. Up to date the Rolls have not rolled up, and the only frame that looks like a certainty is the nasty frame of mind that follows the feeling consequent upon the inexplicable delay.

Small Pay, Great Temptation.

Cyril Dodd, a clerk, was not too heavily punished by an award of three months in the second division for frauds by means of fictitious receipts. But Mr. Justice Rowlatt might have been still more severe, with ample reason, in condemning the system by which clerks, regarded as mere insignificant office machines, paid such slender salaries as will barely suffice to maintain them, are entrusted with handling large sums, practically without supervision. These elements are fruitful material for manufacturing criminals out of young fellows otherwise disposed to be honest.

The Cinema as Detective.

The bodies of twin babies were sent through the post to fictitious addresses in Ramsgate. In their endeavour to unravel the mystery the police are having slides of the labels exhibited at the cinemas. We have often wondered why more use is not made of the picture palaces for the detection of criminals. Photographs of wanted men, when available, should be shown on the screen; or a description in words, with any particulars which might aid in the search. In conjunction with the police and the Press, the cinema might become a real menace to the criminal fraternity.

A "British Triumph."

Business is business, perhaps, but one can hardly imagine British manufacturers or workmen cheerfully setting out to curry favour with the Germans by printing "Deutschland über Alles" on goods made in England. Yet we have received from a Leicester reader a specimen of a label from a gas mantle package bearing the words "British Triumph—Made in Germany"! It should be a warning to the Government, whose policy is strangling British trade, that the industries of this country are being steadily ruined by a people who are as shameless in defeat as they were unscrupulous in war.

Taking the Biscuit.

A prosecution at West Ham under the Shop Hours Act not only takes the biscuit but the whole bakery as well, a woman running a little shop in the borough being summoned for selling plain biscuits after 8 o'clock at night. If the biscuits had contained even 1 per cent. of sugar they would have been confectionery under the Act and not biscuits, and therefore she could not have been prosecuted; which made the law look so much like "a ass" that the Magistrate refused to convict, on the ground that the proceedings were "on the verge of absurdity." Still, law is always worth learning; and the lady now knows she may carry on a roaring trade in sweet biscuits after 8 p.m.

Art Plate of MARY ALDEN as "The Irish Mother." THE PICTURE YOU WILL WANT TO FRAME.	A Magnificent art plate, 15" x 9", of Mary Alden is a special feature of the February PICTUREGOER just out. Don't fail to get it. PICTUREGOER The Movie Magazine de-luxe. Just out! — One Shilling.
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Cinema and "Sin."

Very sensibly, Father Degan, of Coalville, Leicester, has protested against the neighbouring clergy's refusal of the use of a village school-room for dancing. But he appears to be as deep in the mud of prejudice against cinemas as his fellow-priests are in the mire of ill-will to dancing. He proposes that girls should sit on one side and boys on the other in picture-houses "to stop immorality." This suggests to young folks something they might easily miss but for the fussy suggestiveness of the pious Nosey Parkers.

Home from Home.

An ex-prison chaplain once told us that a threat that they wouldn't be allowed to come back to gaol any more was often sufficient to reduce an old "lag" to tractability and to spur him to energy. We thought he was "pulling our leg," but we are beginning to doubt it. Samuel Rowe, who appeared at Exeter Police Court, was well-known to the Magistrate. "I broke a window and waited for the policeman," he explained. "I get the old-age pension, but it won't keep me, and I don't like the Workhouse. Please send me to prison, and make it long." "I will bind you over in £5," his Worship remarked. "Good; I have no money." "Six months in default," said the Magistrate. On which the old man expressed his sincere thanks. But what a commentary upon our boasted civilisation!

Unfair Competition.

Mostly ex-Service men and employing similar labour, the firewood dealers of Nottingham are being seriously injured by the local Guardians, who supply at 5s. per 100 bundles, whereas those in the trade cannot produce under 5s., when paying fair wages. It is a shortsighted and unfair policy to use cheap Workhouse labour to cut prices.

Mann's Moonshine.

That stormy petrel of the Trade Union movement, Mr. Tom Mann, has been presiding over a conference organised by the British Bureau of the Red International. The resolutions passed indicated that the chief object of this revolutionary gang is to establish a Soviet Government in this country—with Mr. Mann, no doubt, as a pinchbeck Lenin. To be a success he would, of course, have to be more successful than Lenin—for under the Soviet in Russia the people are eating corpses!

"Soft Pedal" Needed.

Already enjoying practically the highest scale of relief in England—no deductions when work is stopped through weather, etc.—the Bradford unemployed receive 30 per cent. more than Londoners, but are demanding, in addition, free baths, suspension of rates, and fuel and clothing at cost price. With all the goodwill in the world, no municipality can do impossibilities, and the Bradford authorities should gently but firmly impress upon the claimants the danger of exhausting the city resources by unreasonable demands.

Late or Never?

A reader who paid the Regent Music Publishing Company £9 nearly two years ago, is still unable to obtain any reply to his letters regarding royalties. Their latest address, 45, Glasshouse Street, Regent Street, W., is a stationer's shop at which letters are taken in and passed on to a man named Maxwell, whose name appears in small letters on the door of a second-floor office under that of an Insurance Company. We notice this concern no longer appears in Kelly's Directory. It is time they made their exit from business altogether.

Worcester Sauce.

Unless Mr. Justice Darling is somewhat more careful he will make a name for himself in Worcester. In the course of his trying a charge of "illegal operation" against Clara Elizabeth Burrows, five women on whom these operations had been performed "gave their evidence callously and unblushingly," whereupon his Lordship "wondered there could be found so many people in Worcester who had no more morality or sense of decency than cats or pigs." The question arises whether five are many or few. The population of Worcester is about 50,000!

A Fortune to be Won.

This week the first prize in our "Bullets" Competition has been increased to £1,000. To simplify the task of competitors, we have abolished all letter restrictions; the words of the "Bullet" can now begin with any letter. We invite readers who have not hitherto done so to try this very fascinating competition. A little thought may win you £1,000—a fortune for a very few words!

If your local Mandarins get up to tricks—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

BUMBLE THE BODY-SNATCHER.

BLACKBURN GUARDIANS' SHOCKING DESECRATION OF THE HUMBLE DEAD.

EVERYONE knows that medical schools have to be supplied with human bodies to enable the students to gain the complete practical knowledge of anatomy essential to the medical and surgical profession. Everyone knows, or should know, that workhouses are the principal source from which such subjects are obtained, Poor Law authorities being empowered to hand over unclaimed bodies to schools of anatomy. With the necessity for this provision no one can quarrel. It is common knowledge that the supply of bodies for dissection—an irreverent term for them figures in the unfeeling jargon of the medical student—has lately not been equal to the demand occasioned by the development of anatomical research, and attempts have been made to obtain a widening of the powers given to Poor Law authorities under the Anatomy Act. The fear that these powers are sometimes too loosely exercised receives terrible justification from an incident which has just occurred in Lancashire. In consequence of reports which reached us we sent a Commissioner into the district to make inquiry, and in order that the full extent of the culpability of the authorities concerned may be understood, we tell the story in all its naked horror. Joseph Benison was an old man of seventy-three, respected and liked by all who knew him. An accident he met with some time ago caused him considerable worry, with the result that he gradually became afflicted mentally. He was far from being a lunatic, but was affected just sufficiently to cause a little annoyance to those about him by his senile conduct and childish talk. Until June, 1920, he lived at the house of his sister at 21, New Lane, Oswaldtwistle, near Accrington, where for a period of eight years his picturesque old frame was a familiar figure in the locality. He owned the house next door, and from the money he received in rent he was able to pay his humble way.

"BREAKING IT GENTLY."

When his sister died and his niece married, the old fellow, in his enfeebled state, felt he could be better looked after in some institution, as his brother-in-law was away at work from early morning till late at night, and he decided to enter the Blackburn Workhouse. He arranged with the authorities to pay for his keep from the rent of his house, and the local Relieving Officer, Mr. Ashworth, undertook to collect the money

from time to time from the brother-in-law. This arrangement worked quite satisfactorily. Mr. Ashworth's visits to collect the sums due were not made at regular periods. Sometimes a month would elapse between them, sometimes two, or even three, but on each occasion he used to take news of the old man's welfare to the relatives, who were unable to visit him very often. From October last the brother-in-law saw nothing of the Relieving Officer until the middle of January, when he called for the money for the old man's upkeep. As he was handing it over, he asked as usual: "And how is old Joe? Tell him his niece will be coming to see him one afternoon this week." Mr. Ashworth immediately manifested considerable uneasiness. "I don't think he is at the workhouse any more," was his hesitating reply. "Why, where has he gone?" asked the brother-in-law. "I might be mistaken," answered Mr. Ashworth, "but I believe he is dead!"

UNBURIED FOR TWO MONTHS!

As soon as the shock occasioned by this unexpected announcement had been overcome, the official was pressed for further particulars, but was strangely vague and halting in his replies. He prefaced all his remarks with qualifications such as "I don't know for certain," or "I'm not quite sure about it, but—" He did not seem sure about anything. When the question was put as to what had been done about the funeral if the poor old chap was dead, and why the relatives had not been informed, he promised he would look further into the matter and send news immediately. Eventually a meeting was arranged at the offices of the Board of Guardians at Blackburn, and the old man's brother-in-law and niece attended there on Saturday, January 14th. There they learned the truth. *Joseph Benison had died on 19th November, 1921!* The officials professed to be unaware that there were any relatives in existence. Strange to say, the admission form relating to the old man had been filled in in every respect save the paragraph referring to the addresses of relatives. It was owing to some mistake, they said, that the brother-in-law and niece had not been informed of the death. Nevertheless, be it noted, the authorities knew quite well to whom to go for the money for the old man's up-keep! But the full horror of the situation

had not yet dawned on the perplexed relatives. When they pressed the officials as to how and where Benison had been buried, they were told that *he had so far not been buried at all!* Astounded and stupefied to hear that a man who had died two months previously still remained unburied, they pressed the officials further, and then came the horrifying revelation that the old man's body had been sent to "some place at Manchester to be embalmed"! Both the relatives, when they had recovered from the shock of this amazing disclosure, insisted that the body should be immediately recovered and taken to their home, no matter what condition it was in, and naturally said it was a scandalous thing that the old man should have been allowed to die without his relatives being told that he was nearing his end, so that they might bid him farewell, or informed that he was dead, so that they could make proper provision for his burial. Finally on the understanding that the relatives would pay the funeral expenses, the officials said they thought it would be possible to arrange—somehow—for the body to be sent to them. A local undertaker accordingly made a coffin, and the body eventually arrived at Blackburn, but no information whatever was vouchsafed as to where it had been or what had been done with it. The relatives laid the old man to rest on January 19th, exactly two months after his death. Further inquiries by our Commissioner elicited the fact that the body had been sent by the Blackburn Guardians as that of an unclaimed pauper to the School of Anatomy, Manchester University. Professor J. S. B. Stopford stated, in an interview, that it was an unpleasant incident, but it was fortunate that it was possible to hand over the body again before it had been investigated in any way.

AN ALARMING ADMISSION.

We naturally accept the statement that the body was returned intact, but we should like to know what would have happened had not the Christmas vacation supervened during the time it was at the school. This is not an isolated case. Professor Stopford admits that it "does sometimes happen" that relatives turn up to claim a body sent by Poor Law authorities to a school of anatomy. As for the Blackburn Guardians, we do imagine they have not heard the last of this disgraceful matter.

PRAYER AND THE FOOTBALL CUP.

A REFEREE ARRAIGNED FROM THE PULPIT.

At a Men's Service held at St. Mary's Church, Southend, Canon Gowing suggested silent prayer for the prosperity and success of the Southend United Football Club, and from the pulpit he expressed the hope that the Club would win through to the next round of the Cup. Afterwards he proceeded to criticise the ruling of the Referee in the tie the United played with the Spurs last year, which he described as "rotten," and to which he attributed the defeat of the locals. We hope the Canon's procedure may not be taken as a precedent, and that his conduct will not be emulated by the clerical supporters of other clubs. What would he think of a Referee who stopped a game midway in order to enlighten spectators and players as to his views on the dogma of the resurrection of the body? And if by hard praying matches may be lost and won, transfer fees will soon be demanded for evangelists and revivalists rather than for players. The Canon in our opinion, has overstepped the mark. He has added dignity neither to religion nor to sport.

COLD CULTURE UNDER GLASS.

FRIGID ZONE IN A MANCHESTER HOSPITAL.

Disabled ex-Service men compelled to attend Grange Hospital, Manchester, complain bitterly of the conditions under which examinations are conducted. The place in which they have to undress and wait their turn is, it appears, a glass house, the windows of which are kept wide open, exposing the unfortunate patients to all the rigors of the cold weather. The waits, too, are inordinately long, which makes bad worse, and the results of such exposure to men far from fit can readily be imagined. One man who travelled from Nelson tells us he had to leave his home at 7 a.m. in order to reach the hospital at 9.30, and it was 2 p.m. before he was able to get to the canteen and procure a cup of tea. The greater part of this time he had to sit with chattering teeth in this draughty glass-house, and as a result contracted a bad cold. Disabled men do not expect to be coddled, but they do count on humane treatment, and we hope, for the credit of the institution, that prompt measures will be taken by the Authorities to remedy the evil.

THE THREE BALLS AT BRIGHTON.

PECULIAR PROCEEDINGS OF A PAWNBROKER.

Last April a lady's maid went to the uncle of the universe in St. James's Street, Brighton, with two diamond rings, and asked for a loan of £4. Uncle's assistant examined them, and after remarking that they were valuable, advanced the amount requested. The maid received a ticket, which she imagined—as apparently did her mistress—was an ordinary contract entitling the pawner to redeem the articles on which the loan was advanced at any time within twelve calendar months and seven days. In December, when she went to redeem them, she was astonished to learn that the rings had been sold over a month before for about six shillings more than the amount for which they were pawned. Her mistress discovered that the articles had been bought in at auction by uncle! The whole business is rather disquieting, especially in view of the fact that uncle showed a marked reluctance at first to disclose particulars of the sale. We shall have to be careful next time we pop our ticker in Brighton!

Don't spend a sleepless night—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

YELLOW MEN AND WHITE WOMEN.**SINISTER EVIL DEMANDING EARNEST ATTENTION.**

Not long ago the police raided a house kept by Japanese in the East End and found that as many as three English girls, inmates there, were living lives marked by some of the worst features of Eastern voluptuousness. Unfortunately this case does not stand alone, nor is the evil confined to one district. Similar establishments are to be found all over London—in respectable suburbs like Hampstead, as well as in the dingy East End. These houses are not illegal. The rich Orientals who run them are too 'cute' for that. They are not conducted for profit, or in a disorderly manner. Hence the police are powerless. But in nearly every case there are to be found three or four English girls who learn at the hands of these men practices calculated to make one shudder, refinements of vice that are alien to the English race but are regarded with favour by this type of Oriental. Their "protectors" have unlimited funds and can gratify the most expensive wish of their victims. Usually the association lasts only a few months. Then the girls are thrown out—stranded and ruined; not infrequently they have acquired a terrible disease. Sometimes they have become victims of the drug habit. In any case, they have no remedy—and, of course, no future.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

Understand, we do not say that all Japs resident in London are thus depraved. Doubtless some are innocent of any evil intention. But history shows that there is a type of Oriental whose evil imaginings are excited by white women, and who will stick at nothing to gratify their desires. We must remember that the idea of women obtaining in the East is utterly different from that held by the normal European. The sooner our girls are made to realise this the better. Public opinion has insisted on the observation of the colour-bar in close relationships between the white and black, and the girl who is foolish enough to accept advances from a negro is looked at askance. Unfortunately the idea has grown up that the Jap is always a cultured, civilised gentleman, who, because he dresses, speaks and eats like an Englishman, is really much the same as any of "John Bull's" boys. But the fact is that his civilisation is vitally different from our own, and it differs fundamentally upon this very question of the status of women. Marriages between white women and black men are now universally condemned. But they are just as bad between English girls and yellow men, and in nine cases out of ten it is not marriage that these rich voluptuaries from the East intend. Frequently they are men who are "barred" or under a cloud in their own land, and who come over here to gratify their evil passions at the expense of our women. Then when things get too hot here they move on—perhaps back to the East, perhaps to America.

FACE THE FACTS.

And the remedy? It lies in public opinion. We are all for courtesy towards the strangers within our gates—be they black or yellow. But it is absurd to allow girls to grow up with the idea that the Japanese are in every respect the equivalent of our own race. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," sang Kipling. The poet's instinct was a sound one, and could be reinforced by the terrible experiences of many a girl—once happy and light-hearted—who now, bemired and despised, dragging out a miserable existence from which death would be a merciful release. The young girl to-day enjoys a degree of liberty never before extended to her sex. In this matter, a fatal one for our race, she ought to be told the facts, so that she may give Orientals of this character a wide berth.

BONE-DRY SABBATHS.**A HOWL FROM THE FROWLING PUMPURITANS.**

Has anybody seen anything of a petition from publicans and their employees, praying that a law be passed closing the public-houses on Sundays? According to the literature forwarded to us by an irritated reader, who missed by a couple of seconds the busybody who used his letter-box as a rubbish chute, the forlorn wretches who dispense the cheering cup on the Sabbath are pining for such an Act. The Central Sunday Closing Association, weeping profusely in a maudlin screed published by them, is so affected by the woes of drink-purveying slaves that it also proposes to "secure the earliest possible closing hour on week-days." The idea of this Association of Wet Blankets and dry pubs, apparently, is to relieve the liquor-trade workers of their miseries by relieving them of their humble jobs. The chief significance of these egregious pamphlets is their insistence on closing during those hours "set aside by common consent for worship." Does it not occur to this Association, whose governing body is mostly clerical, that the least likely thought occurring to those barred from a harmless glass will be that of going to hear the very killjoys who deprive them of a rational indulgence?

WAKEFORD IS WINNING!**PETITION TO THE KING SHORTLY TO BE PRESENTED.**

Hundreds of signatures to the Petition to the King asking for a rehearing of the Wakeford Case are reaching us by every post, and as the time for the lodgment of the Petition is gradually drawing nearer, all outstanding forms should be returned as quickly as possible. Applications for an additional supply should be made to the Chief Commissioner at this office at once, when they will be forwarded by return of post. Meanwhile, the Petition can be signed at:—

ASHTON-IN-MAKERFIELD: Rev. W. A. Gibson, 50, Osborne Road.

BIRKENHEAD: Messrs. Scadding Brothers.

BOLTON: Mr. J. Brooks, 17, Halliwell Road.

BOURNEMOUTH: Mr. E. Malcolm Scott, 49, Talbot Road.

BRISTOL: Bristol Advertising Co., 1, Broad Quay.

CARDIFF: Mr. J. A. Brown, 207, Bute Street.

CHESTER: Rev. W. F. John Timbrell, Coddington Rectory.

COLOGNE: Messrs. W. J. Cooper & Co., Hotel du Nord.

DUBLIN: Messrs. MacArthur & Co., 79, Talbot Street.

KING'S LYNN: Mr. C. H. Plowright, Tower Street.

LIVERPOOL: Mr. John R. Lewis, 13, Grecian Chambers, 57A, Dale Street; Mr. J. Perkins, 48, Belmont Road.

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NEWCASTLE: Mr. G. J. Jones, 15, Church View, Cross Heath.

PORTSMOUTH: JOHN BULL Pen Depot, 214, Commercial Road.

"The Mystery of the Wakeford Case," by the Editor of JOHN BULL, is now in the hands of our readers, and a large number of repeat orders are being received. It is on sale throughout the country and can be obtained at the price of one shilling at all Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls and shops. The volume is by far the most striking contribution to the discussion of the case which has yet been made, and should be in the hands of all who have followed its history. From the standpoint of the lawyer and the man of the world, every aspect of it has been carefully considered, and the book contains many hitherto unpublished facts.

ASTOUNDING INCOME TAX BLUNDER.**BOY WORKER OF NINETEEN FLUNG INTO PRISON!**

The ways of the Income-tax authorities have long been beyond human understanding. Fred Smith, a boy of nineteen years of age, has been working for Messrs. Sanderson Bros. and Newbold, Ltd., of Newhall Road, Attercliffe, near Sheffield. He has never at any time earned sufficient to render him liable for payment of Income-tax. Unfortunately for him, however, he suffered from the common patronymic of Smith, and there was another man of that vast family employed by the firm whom sponsors had also endowed him with the Christian name of Fred. Through some clerical error, the two Fred Smiths got mixed up, and the address of the youth of small earnings was given as that of the man privileged to pay his share of the largest Income-tax the world has ever known.

BOYISH CARELESSNESS.

The result was that the boy Fred received the usual Midsummer notice, demanding £6 0s. 9d. as the proportion due to the State of the income of Fred the man. He apparently threw this into the fire, as many others have done with less excuse. A boy of nineteen is apt to regard such a demand with eyes of humour. Later he received a notice requiring payment, and a further notice, both of which went the same way as the first. The humour changed to apprehension, however, when a policeman called at his house and served a summons returnable at the Police-court. Confident in his non-liability for payment of Income-tax, the lad ignored this also. Consequently, at 3.30 a.m. on the morning of September 6th last, a policeman invaded the home of Freddy the younger, and he was dragged out of bed, placed under arrest, and taken to Burngreave Police-station, where he was locked in the cells until seven in the morning. He was then removed to Water Lane Police-station, and the following afternoon was handcuffed, chained to seven other prisoners, and marched to the Great Central Railway Station and conveyed to Lincoln Gaol. The lad's distracted mother visited his employers and tearfully explained to them what had happened. As a result of representations made by them over the telephone to the Governor of the Gaol, the boy was ultimately released.

NO REDRESS!

Why a lad of that age was ever arrested is a question which we imagine the Income-tax authorities will find it extremely difficult to answer. The coincidence of the similarity of names naturally gave rise to the original confusion. But we have the assurance of Messrs. Sanderson Bros. and Newbold, Ltd., that a few weeks after the Income-tax assessment they discovered that an obvious clerical error had been made regarding the address of the Fred Smith who was liable for payment of the tax and notified the Income-tax authorities of it. The firm appear to have taken it for granted that the matter had been set right, for they were unaware that the boy had been receiving these notices and summonses until his mother called upon them and informed them that he had been carried off to gaol. It is obvious that through some neglect at their office the Income-tax authorities at Sheffield have been guilty of persecuting an innocent lad to the point of imprisonment, though of course he is himself somewhat to blame for not having taken more serious notice of their communications. In the circumstances, we can only hope that his employers will show some preference in his favour when work is available, to compensate him for his sufferings, for we learn that he has latterly had but little employment. Any attempt to secure compensation from the Income-tax authorities would, of course, be hopeless.

TRAFFICKING IN FLESH AND BLOOD.

DISGRACEFUL THEATRICAL PLOT SNARES INNOCENT GIRLS TO THEIR RUIN.

TIME and time again public attention has been drawn to the havoc wrought in the lives of unsuspecting girls—and even men—by the unconscionable conduct of rogues who strut about the country in the guise of "Managers of Theatrical Companies." We return to the subject this week for the simple reason that we believe it is our duty to expose one of the most glaring cases of fraud that has come to our notice. For the sake of convenience, we will describe the central figure as Jack Williams. Some unfortunate people may know him by the name of Gerald Leslie; others as Maurice. At all events, he is a stout man, of medium height, age about 46, who adopts a fresh patronymic just as fancy or circumstance dictates, and has hitherto not met with justice adequate in any way to his misdeeds.

THE TRACK OF RUIN.

There are scores of landladies dotted about the country whom he has "diddled," and many more chorus girls and artists who rue the day they set eyes upon him. The class to which Williams belongs is one which trades upon credulity in the theatrical profession, and one which the Actors' Association is doing its utmost to wipe out of existence. These rogues' method is simple. They piece together a number of scenes, collect a number of songs and gags, fix up a date with an unsuspecting provincial theatre manager, and then advertise in an accredited theatrical paper for the girls and artists they intend to dupe. During the first week the so-called revue is known as "Give 'Em Beans"; at the next town the same show will appear as "Have Another" or "Wonderful Nights," or any old title, so long as the theatre manager does not suspect it to be the same fiasco about which he has heard from his colleague in a distant town. The idea of the "bogus" touring manager, of course, is to draw as much as possible at the booking office and pay out as little as he can to the artists he employs. At this despicable game Williams has proved himself an adept. Before us as we write are letters stained with the tears of poor

misguided girls who have suffered indescribable anguish owing to the treatment of this rogue.

"He finished me this morning," says one, "without a penny in my pocket, and I have my little boy with me now. . . . For the last fortnight I have been walking about in shoes with great holes in the soles. I had to make a big noise and threaten him for the money he owes me, and then after all that he wanted to make a fuss of me and tried to put his arms round me and kiss me. I have to depend on friends. Our wages are supposed to be £2—when we get it. He owes —, the dancer, £50 . . . and her people are penniless. It is time something was done with Jack Williams. He is not fit to have anyone working for him, and he does not pay his artists when he gets the money to pay with. He took over a theatre at Hoyland, sent the carpenter and his wife, and they have been left stranded without a penny. There is heaps I could tell you, but it would take days to write it all."

In various guises Williams has had the run of the country for something like twelve months. Here and there he came up against the police and had to pay a small fine. Meantime, letters of complaint reached the Actors' Association concerning his methods, and it was found necessary to make him agree to put all artists on standard contracts and to set aside a sum of money each week for the payment of salaries. This arrangement was soon forgotten by bogus Mr. Williams, and the Association sent their representative to Wednesbury, where the properties of "Aladdin" were sold up on the spot and the proceeds shared out among the artists.

A RESOURCEFUL ROGUE.

Unfortunately it is not always possible to act with such promptitude, especially when the scoundrel you are dealing with stoops to any act in order to make it appear that he is giving a straight deal. For not only has Williams swindled those poor unfortunates who have stuck to him after listening to his lying promises, but he actually forged balance-sheets in order to throw the enquiring people off the scent. In submitting these accounts he brazenly included the full amount of his salary list week by week.

But other documents tell a different story. One girl, employed for the miserable sum of £2 a week, hung on for 15 weeks, at the end of which time Williams still owed £11. Another girl, engaged at £8 weekly, after 21 weeks' hard work had owing to her £83. In all, this barefaced swindler employs on an average twenty-one people, and the total amount of their weekly salaries is £70. Not one of the artists has ever been paid in full.

DISILLUSIONMENT AND DISHONOUR.

Well may it be asked, "Why do they stay with him?" Because they have not the wherewithal to go elsewhere. They are literally forced to follow the bogus manager from place to place, living on the hope of promises that are never fulfilled. Even those few who summon sufficient courage to break away find themselves again very soon roped in by the tentacles of the wily octopus. All that he has to do is to advertise in a different name, and the unsuspecting victims, unable to live on air, walk into the trap again. The story of the stage—especially that portion relating the doings of the bogus touring manager—is a sordid one indeed. The fresh young girl in the town or country reads only of the romantic side, where the hitherto unknown is lifted from the ranks of the beauty chorus to the high pedestal once occupied by the one who has recently attracted Mr. Moneybags or signed a life contract with a peer. The glamour of those apparently happy moments behind the footlights and fame of photograph-postcards form a deadly lure. This is the one side of the picture which the casual observer notices. But on the other side of the canvas are black records and ugly scenes which the like of Jack Williams have indelibly inscribed. The only way to curb his activities is to place him behind prison bars—where, we have no doubt, he would meet associates who are gentlemen compared with himself. We hope that this exposure will restrict Williams' nefarious activities, though we fear that nothing short of physical confinement will effectively circumvent him.

THE BAR SINISTER.

HOPE FOR THE UNTIMELY BORN.

There is a very wide-spread impression that the registration at birth of the child of an unmarried mother remains for all time an ineradicable record of illegitimacy, even in cases where the parents subsequently marry. Broad-minded people have always regarded this as cruel and unnecessary. That an innocent child should be branded for life as a "bastard," even though the parents amend by marriage the wrong they inflicted on their offspring, is abhorrent to all possessed of a sense of justice. It is a matter of satisfaction for us to be able to announce that this is not, and need not, always be the case. It is true that the fact that a child was born out of wedlock cannot be hidden, but the Registrar-General frequently authorizes the re-registration, on the joint information of the parents, of the births of illegitimate children when the parents subsequently marry; in which case the amended record gives the father's name as such, and shows that he married the mother subsequent to the birth of the child. This cannot be too widely known; for it is conceivable that a child's prospects may be materially damaged by a neglect to obtain an amended registration. By protecting the children, whether legitimate or illegitimate, we are safeguarding the future. They are unable to look after themselves—so this is the very least we can do.

THE NEVER NEVER LAND.

WHY MORMON CONVERTS DO NOT RETURN.

Many readers of our revelations of Mormonism may wonder why, if the horrors of Utah are as we have depicted them, disillusioned converts do not flee the modern abominable City of the Plains and return to England to warn their sisters of the terrible fate that awaits them if they succumb to the blandishments of these blasphemous blackguards. The answer is simple. None is ever allowed to escape to tell a tale which would blanch the world with horror. Let us quote once more from the "Revelation on the Eternity of the Marriage Covenant" in the Book of Mormon:

64. And again, verily, verily I say unto you, if any man have a wife, who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my Priesthood, as pertaining to these things, then she shall believe, and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God.

Our readers have, perhaps, never heard of the awful Mormon doctrine of "blood-atonement" which is described by Mr. Stuart Martin in his wonderful book, "The Mystery of Mormonism." The author gives specific instances of the spilling of blood of those whose only crime was that they would not believe. The book shows clearly that the history of Mormonism is one long, lurid record of lying, fraud, trickery, blasphemy, immorality, incest, blood-lust, massacre and murder. And these are the people we allow in our midst!

"ODDS ON" CATCHES ON.

ENORMOUS DEMAND FOR NEW SPORTING TOP.

"Odds On," the great new racing game, heralded as the successor to "Put and Take," has now arrived—is on sale, and carrying all before it. Already "Put and Take" is riding to a fall. "Odds On" has all the thrills and excitement of a Derby. It's a case of "ten to one on Scamp," or "six to one on Yulet," instead of "Take One," "Put One," etc. The six sides of "Odds On" are inscribed with the names of well-known horses. Above these is the "betting ring" of the top, which spins independently of the lower portion. Just which horse's name will appear and what the odds will be are, of course, in doubt until the last. If "Put and Take" was a success, then "Odds On" is going to create the biggest furore of any race game yet invented. "Odds On" is sold at all bookstalls, newsagents, toy shops and stationers, price one shilling—or may be obtained direct from Odhams Press Ltd., Sundries Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price one shilling and twopence post free. Get yours TO-DAY!



No more worry if you "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SAINTS AND SINNERS: By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

MR. ASQUITH.

EVERY nation has its pet delusion, and Great Britain is in no way exempt from the general rule. The people of this country believe that mediocrity and dullness are guarantees of sanity and safety. The man of brilliance is always mistrusted in this country; mediocrity is exalted to the seats of the mighty. Had it not been for this phase of our national temperament, a man called Herbert Henry Asquith would never have become Premier.

He certainly would never have enjoyed the unique opportunity which came his way of losing the war by his weak, vacillating, stupid policy.

Some years before the war a certain peer, who had been a Member of a Liberal Government which came into power during the political landslide of 1906, asked Mr. Chamberlain his opinion of Asquith's abilities.

"He is a man without any distinguishing qualities," replied Joseph, "but he will go far. He is solid and stolid. What more could you want?"

It was this atmosphere of stolidity which made Mr. Asquith our Prime Minister for so many years; but when the time of test came he was found wanting. He might have remained for ever the embodiment of staid and solid worth on a borough council. He was helpless as the ruler of Great Britain in the world war.

In no other country could Mr. Asquith have reached the heights of power which he at one time achieved. In no other country is a mediocre mind and a singular lack of will held to be a sign of eminent statesmanship.

Mr. Asquith had an undistinguished youth. He is a Yorkshireman, born in 1852, the second son of Mr. Dixon Asquith, of Morley. He was educated at the City of London School and at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar and afterwards Fellow, taking a first-class in Classics and the Craven Scholarship. From these earliest days he showed every

sign that he was an industrious man possessed of a strong middle-class intellect. There was nothing in this plodding youth to suggest that he had anything of the real stuff of genius in him, or could rise to the great heights of statesmanship.

He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and took silk in 1890. Four years later he was made a bencher. He was first elected for East Fife in 1886, and was appointed Home Secretary when Mr. Gladstone formed his last disastrous Government. In those old, far-away days Mr. Asquith was an admirable character for political preferment. He was safe and he was sound. He did not ignite the sparkling lights of the then great Radical Party with envy or jealousy. He was a safe man; someone who could be relied upon to work hard and do his job. So there was always a job waiting for him.

He took a patriotic attitude during the Boer war, and in so doing incidentally quarrelled with that other monument of mediocrity, the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Then came the great Radical victory of 1906, which was won on the free-food cry. Sir Henry and

Mr. Asquith made friends, and Sir Henry automatically took over the Premiership. On Sir Henry's decease, Mr. Asquith automatically stepped into the greatest position which any Britisher can occupy.

He was Prime Minister of this country—no worse and no better than any of his antecedents; so that all might have gone well in the silly sense of Party politics had not the greatest calamity which has ever befallen this world occurred in the shape of the great war. It was in this terrible crisis that Mr. Asquith proved himself utterly lacking in genius and power.

He was warned by JOHN BULL, by other journals of foresight, and by many of his greatest fellow-countrymen that the mad ex-Kaiser was brewing a broth of mischief. He had an excellent Intelligence Department at his command, and he must have known full well that the awful conspiracy which plunged Europe into Hell was ripe for execution.

He must have known also that the main object of those Germanic machinations was the destruction of the British Empire. Had he shown any resolution and strength it is questionable whether the world-war would ever have happened. The

Kaiser was only a bully, and bullies are always cowards. But instead of showing resolution, he acted in such a strange, vapid and equivocal way that the Germans thought our country would see France decimated and Belgium pillaged without lifting a hand for their protection. Instead of a strong and solemn warning being sent to the Kaiser, we were subjected to the miserable spectacle of Lord Haldane being despatched as an envoy of peace—the gentleman who squeaked in a high voice to the ex-Kaiser and his precious associates about Britain's disinclination to engage in war, and returned home to treat us to a lot of horrible humbug about Germany being "his spiritual home."

No one is more to blame than

Mr. Asquith for employing a plausible pedant like Lord Haldane as an emissary at a time when all the destinies of the world were involved.

Only one thing did Mr. Asquith contribute during those terrible days—the foolish and empty phrase, "Wait and see!" By this phrase he will always be remembered, and no man has ever uttered a more damning epitaph for himself in the minds of his countrymen. We cannot blame Mr. Asquith entirely. Great men are born for great events. He was not one of them.

Looking back upon those days, one is grateful to Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe for removing Mr. Asquith from a position in which his imperturbable folly was an international danger.

His political hopes and fortunes are now irretrievably ruined. He is the leader in the House of a Radical remnant which commands neither pride nor place. To people of the present day he is remembered most as the husband of a woman who writes volatile diaries. Thinking of him kindly, one can only wish that the public career of this very ordinary man had fallen on more ordinary days.




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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notabilities, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Duke of Atholl, K.T., C.B., Lord Chamberlain.

MY LORD DUKE,—This, it appears, is the last time I shall be able to address you by the title of Lord Chamberlain. For that historic appellation is to disappear, and for the future it is as "State Chamberlain" we shall pay our proper respects to you. May I suggest that while they are changing your title the Government might suitably relieve you of that important part of your duties which, in my humble submission, is ill discharged by an officer of the King's Household. It is an absurd and irritating anachronism which makes you the Censor of stage plays, and no mere alteration of your title will dispose of this anomaly. Please see what can be done. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Lush, Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD.—I was glad to notice your remarks in connection with a litigant who was conducting his own case with indifferent success. You pointed out that it is the duty of a solicitor to inform an impecunious client that he can obtain free Counsel under the Poor Persons Act. I almost wish you had extended your little homily to include a warning against those scoundrelly sharks who prey on poor people who have grounds for claims against employers and others, settling them for trifling amounts but securing substantial sums in costs for themselves. I have heard a great deal too much of this sort of thing lately. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Chairman, Parliamentary Labour Party, House of Commons.

DEAR MR. CLYNES,—I cordially agree with you that "any Labour Government would be guilty of the greatest folly if they set out to check or restrain private enterprise." At the present time our country is like a shop-keeper trying to keep his establishment open with nobody to buy anything he has to sell. If, as you say, Labour sees that "the prosperity of the country rests on an ever-increasing volume of overseas trade," then it has vision, and it may be true that private enterprise, carrying its heavy load of taxes, would be no worse off under its authority. Unfortunately, the Bolsheviks, capturing the machine, have often given a wicked, dangerous lead to the Trade Unions. If Labour wishes to be entrusted with the problems of government, it must prove itself worthy and capable. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Essex.

YOUR LORDSHIP,—I hear that you are the star comedian in the Bodenham Villagers' Pierrot Party. No doubt your willingness to brighten the lives of humble folk has already caused a flutter in the well-feathered nests of Hertfordshire, but, believe me, your George Robeyan antics are much preferable to the frowns of people who undoubtedly would like to have your talent. Anyhow, you are making people happy and raking in the money for charity. I may see you on the boards yet. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman.

DEAR CHARLES,—So you've bobbed up again. It has been interesting to watch you brandishing a tomahawk over the still-born body of the "National Liberal Party," but I am afraid, however fierce you look, no one will really believe you killed it. Politically you have been dead so long that nobody regards you seriously. Besides, the British public have never really forgiven your share in the Akbar Reformatory scandal, when you assumed the role of "whitewasher" and turned a deaf ear to the appeal of humanity. In this country, the politician who is all head and no heart seldom goes far. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Councillor Storrie, Fishguard.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—I am glad to see that Fishguard has at least one sensible man on its Council, meaning, of course, your worthy self. Things must be pretty slack, though, when a public body like yours has to waste its time discussing the ethics of dancing. No unemployment round your way, I presume? But when you protest against our being Pussyfoots and killjoys, and stopping young people getting all the pleasure they can, I am with and for you every time. JOHN BULL.

To Ernest Cole, Esq., Sculptor.

DEAR CHISELER,—Something must be allowed for the artistic temperament with most knights of the mallet or palette, but you, at any rate, do not appear to let that interfere with business. You were responsible for the statues for the London County Hall. Having delivered six, you have struck for another £1,000 before doing the next two. The L.C.C. have cancelled the order, for which I hand them a hearty pat in the name of economy and commonsense. Incidentally, having seen the six you have delivered, I can only regret that the L.C.C. did not stipulate that they should be supplied "on appro." What offers for them back? JOHN BULL.

To Miss Irene Nash, Wath-upon-Dearne, Yorks.

DEAR LADY,—I was highly amused at the futile attempt of the local police to convict you of an offence because a collie-puppy, supposed to belong to you, was moved by fraternal affection or a convivial spirit to forsake the delights of the fireside and visit his brother at the "Red Lion." As it appeared in evidence that the puppy was one of a litter of four, and that they were in the habit of visiting each other, it seems to me they should have summoned mother collie rather than you. But perhaps it might have dawned on their bucolic minds that that would have been ridiculous—almost as ridiculous as summoning you. Give the pup a biscuit for me, will you? JOHN BULL.

To Wm. Clarke Hall, Esq., Old Street Magistrate.

DEAR MR. CLARKE HALL,—I am glad to see your outspoken criticism of the Borstal System of prison treatment, which goes far to confirm what I have said on the subject. In your opinion, these Borstal Institutions are worse than Reformatory Schools, because, as you say, "the boys and girls are older and there is far more repression." I am with you further in your protest against the adaptation to Borstal uses of the old convict prison at Portland, "with all its horrible associations and its terribly depressing atmosphere and surroundings." It is good to know that there is at least one man on the Metropolitan Bench with his heart in the right place. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. C. A. McCurdy, Coalition Whip.

DEAR MR. MCCURDY,—I have never concealed my opinion that an appeal to the country at the present juncture would be a shabby political manoeuvre, unworthy of the Prime Minister and offensive to the good sense of the electors at large. If there is really going to be a revival of trade, we certainly do not want it hindered by the noisy hubbub of the hustings. As for the suggestion that the Government need a "mandate" to carry on, this, to my mind, is sheer cant and humbug. There is quite enough work for Ministers to do in repairing their broken pledges without embarking upon legislative projects which the country has not approved. Before the nation is plunged into the turmoil of a General Election it has a right to demand drastic retrenchment in Whitehall and a first instalment of the "land fit for heroes." Then we can decide whether the Coalition shall be given a new lease of power or dismissed with ignominy. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



Tho' Gandhi's friends may want a cue,
When Laxity spells Mutiny
Weakness in Mr. Montagu
Demands the sternest scrutiny.



Winston derides the Super-man
And Departmental Cuts,
And qualifies the Geddes plan
With ifs and ans and buts.



Ceil and Grey declare that they
Are tired of combinations
And, hand in hand, will take their stand
Linked by the League of Nations.



Horrors and thrills and Bohemian fads
The Chancellor forbids,
Treating the Oxford undergrads
Just like a lot of kids.

Things looking bad? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

The Danger to S. H. Fry.

It was hinted in these columns last week that the greatest danger to S. H. Fry, the amateur billiards champion (whose sketch I give), would most probably come from W. McLeod, the Middlesbrough man, and if it should happen that the two do meet in the final, Fry will have to play considerably better than he did in his first heat. McLeod—who is a working plumber—is one of the best representatives the North has sent in recent years. It is probable that Fry will retire from big billiards after this year, and everyone will hope



that this fine sportsman will retain his honours to the end of his playing career. When he goes, the hope of the South will rest almost entirely on the young solicitor, J. Graham Symes.

Lord Hawke Out of Date.

I am sorry to see that Lord Hawke has been characterising as absurd the proposal to play Test matches to a finish in this country. He is wrong in his assertion that county cricket is the backbone of the English game; the county phase happens to be the part that received most public attention, that's all. Club cricket furnishes the life blood of our national game. And as to Test matches, when they are played with a set purpose at periods of four or five years, then no obstacle should be placed in the way of accomplishing that purpose. It is the limitation of Test matches to three days which is absurd. I am afraid I shall have to write Lord Hawke down as ultra-conservative and hidebound by tradition.

Democratic Golf.

If the agitation to secure a public golf course in Richmond Park is successful—and Lord Riddell is heading a deputation to the First Commissioner of Works this week—a good deal of the credit will be due to J. H. Taylor, the ex-champion. I am one of those who are very jealous of our open spaces, and should be the last willing to see their amenities disturbed by the playing of a particular game. But Richmond Park is so roomy that a course could be laid out without encroaching on the public pleasure—and providing additional healthful recreation for many who cannot afford to join a golf club.

The Lincoln and National "Double."

Although the tragic death of Always smashed a good many early spring doubles on the Lincoln and National, backers easily forget these reverses, and now that we have the weights for both these popular events everybody will be on the look out for another National horse to couple with his (or her) Lincoln fancy. It may be better, however, to wait for the acceptances before dabbling in speculation on either race, for by the time these appear no doubt many of the entries will have fallen by the wayside. In the meantime, however, I like the look of Monarch, Fancy Man and Volunteer for the Lincoln; and All White, Habton and Norton for the National.

Keeping It in the Family.

L. B. Rees, the brother of last year's champion National Hunt jockey, F. B. Rees, has been enjoying plentiful success in the saddle during the new year. When he rode Boyne Water, Northbrook and Bubbly to victory on the first day of the Tenby Meeting, "L. B." took his place at the head of the winning jockeys' list with thirteen successes. G. Duller came next with eleven wins, and F. B. Rees was five behind his brother's record.

Goodwood Cup of 1830 Recalled.

The remarkable result of the Beauchamp Challenge Cup at Tenby recently, when a Steward of the Meeting, Sir H. Webb, owned the first three placed horses in Bubbly, Mr. Madcap and Whiteboy, reminds me of an equally remarkable finish for the Goodwood Cup of 1830. The then reigning monarch of England, King William, known as the "Sailor King," had three horses engaged in the Goodwood race and gave instructions that all three were to take their chance. The Royal horses finished first, second, and third, the animals being Fleur de Lys, Zingani and The Colonel. The Grand Prix de Paris of 1903 had a similar result, the first three—Quo Vadis, Caius and Vinicius—being owned by the late M. E. Blanc.

New Trainer's First Success.

When Forty-two upset several better fancied animals in the Novices' Chase at Leicester the other day many people wondered where the old horse sprang from, for it is some years since he saw a racecourse. Forty-two was, however, the first horse started under National Hunt Rules by the new Winslow trainer, Giles Bishop, who recently took out a licence. Bishop, by the way, is also a well-known breeder of high-class hunters; he sold Pet Dog to the Prince of Wales.

Bournemouth's Racecourse.

The goody-goody people of Bournemouth who have tried their utmost to prevent the fulfilling of arrangements in connection with the new racecourse at Ensby Park have had to take a back seat. I was one of a party recently entertained by the Directors on a tour of inspection of the site of the new National Hunt course, and what I saw and heard convinced me that the venture will be a highly successful one. The stands, enclosures, etc., will be modelled on those at Newbury, and the "figure-of-8" course (on the lines of that at Auteuil) will be a great feature. Ensby Park, which, by the way, is actually in Dorsetshire, is an ideal place for a racecourse, and definite arrangements have been made for three jumping meetings next season. With people like Mr. Bernard Mortimer, Percy Whitaker and Atty Persse on the Directorate, failure should be out of the question.

Buff's Bluff.

Johnny Buff, the American bantam-weight champion, and forerunner of the invading tide, ought to spell his name Bluff. He wants it to be given out that he is over here sight-seeing, holiday-making, improving his mind—anything, in fact, except boxing. Really, Mr. Buff, it will not do. They may think on the other side of the Atlantic that we are a very fallible race, but this sort of story wears long whiskers which tickle! Buff says he would like to meet Jimmy Wilde (see sketch). Well, I have every reason for saying that if Buff goes back without a fight it won't be Jimmy's fault.

**Moneybags Which Don't Rust.**

By the time every boxer who says he is coming from over the water has arrived, we shall have men here from America, Canada, Australia, France and Germany. We shall be very glad to see them all, and if they all got contests, so much the better for boxing. But if they are all being drawn by a mirage of much money easily earned, they are hopelessly wrong.

Beckett v. Cook.

It is a pleasure to note that Joe Beckett has at last been matched. Mr. Bettinson has secured his signature to articles whereby he meets George Cook, the Australian, at Holland Park at the end of March. Temperamentally and physically, Cook and Beckett are a good match. If Beckett had not been idle so long—or, to put it more exactly, had such few contests—I should have expressed the opinion that he would beat Cook after a good deal of trouble. But when a man is so seldom seen in the ring, one's opinions do not count for much. Cook, at any rate, is an exceedingly tough customer, and Carpentier was quite sincere when he said he was the best British heavy-weight.

Frank Goddard's Assets.

Frank Goddard (whose sketch I give) knows a bit about farming; he writes quite a lot of sarcastic letters in the sporting press; and he has the deuce of a punch. But none of these things mean that he will beat Guardsman Penwell at Premierland next week, though I think he will. Penwell may be a coming man, but he has not yet arrived. He is a better boxer than Goddard, but I have not yet seen from him a punch that will upset such a big, strong fellow; and if Goddard gets in one hard right, it will be a case of Moran and Beckett over again.

**Scotland's "Soccer" Team.**

Scotland have chosen a "soccer" team strong enough to defeat Wales at Wrexham this week, and it is with pleasure I note that only four of the eleven are at present associated with clubs this side of the Tweed. They are Marshall and Andrew Wilson (Middlesbrough), McKinlay (Liverpool), and Gilhooley (Hull City), and of these four it is not Wilson's fault that he is south of the Border. I am glad to see the choice of Gilhooley at centre half. How much of it was due to the way he kept Wilson at bay when Hull smashed Middlesbrough's Cup-tie hopes?

Picked Up by the Wayside.

C. F. Ashton, who gained a Blue at Cambridge for "soccer" and cricket, is now playing centre half for the Varsity at hockey.

Mildie Lenglen has resumed lawn tennis practice, and it is now practically certain she will defend her title at Wimbledon this year.

Bob Martin, the American heavyweight and first boxer to knock out Frank Moran, has been so badly hurt in a motor accident that it is improbable he will box again.

The dearth of first-class English centre forwards was never better exemplified than by the suggestion to put an international right half as leader of the attack.

"Spink" Walkington, who retired from the saddle as the result of a bad accident, and later took to training, is now quite fit again and is applying for another licence to ride.

Geoffrey Wilson, who has succeeded D. C. F. Burton as Yorkshire cricket captain, is no relation to E. R. Wilson, the Yorkshire and England player, as many people seem to think.

The association of G. Pellerin, the Belgian jockey, with Stanley Wootton, the Epsom trainer, has been very successful this season. Pellerin rode another winner at Plumpton when he got Iluonora home for Bennett, also an Epsom trainer.

All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, in which paper answers will be given.

YOU'VE got a grievance, haven't you? "Write to JOHN BULL about it."

I HAVE been thinking a good deal about this influenza epidemic. And there, I suppose, in the very first phrase I have put my foot into it—for, according to the learned advisers of the Ministry of Health, there is no epidemic at all, but only a "certain liveliness" among the wicked little microbes which knock us flat on our backs, and when they have laid us low go jazzing through our brain cells in a whirl of demon glee. So, if you please, we will content ourselves with saying that there has recently been a widespread prevalence of this annoying and dangerous malady; and I am wondering why it is that, though the average Englishman is ready enough to grumble at most things under the sun, he is so apt to resign himself in a mood of easy fatalism to the visitations of disease. In most directions, man has succeeded in bending Nature to his will. Not a week passes but some new wonder of science is revealed. If we are to believe Professor Huxley, the time is not far distant when the scientist may achieve the reversal of sex characteristics—a miracle by the side of which the transmutation of metals, sought after by the old alchemists, scarcely deserves remembrance. Throughout the scientific world the marvellous is the commonplace. The engineer has the faith which can remove mountains. The surgeon can re-fashion the battered human body into the semblance of new life. The bacteriologist can ticket and label every microbe in creation. But the greatest problem of all is the one science has done least to solve.

Life and Death.

Among the sciences Medicine must wear the dunce's cap. I refer, of course, to the art of combating disease as distinct from surgical alleviation, in which, during recent years, vast strides have been made. Otherwise, disease is dominant. The scourges which in my early childhood were mentioned with bated breath are still as rampant as ever, and, for all our vaunted scientific progress, there appears not to be the faintest prospect of an early escape from their fatal ravages. For the most part, we are still cursed with the maladies that teased and tortured our ancestors in the Dark Ages. The one outstanding achievement which medical science has to its credit is that it has virtually banished small-pox from the British Isles, although even here the faithful disciples of Jenner must divide the honours with the sanitary engineer. As though to compensate for this solitary triumph over the powers of darkness, such acute diseases as influenza and pneumonia have acquired a new virulence. The doctor fights a losing battle with the cohorts of doom. The very word "cancer" has a note of horror and hopelessness. Consumption remains to blast and blight the flower of the race. In a few years, the germs will cost us more lives than did the Germans. In the last annual period for which figures are available 42,144 persons in the United Kingdom died of cancer and 46,312 from various forms of tuberculosis. Add to these the terrors of Venereal Disease and we have an Unholy Trinity of death and destruction, although I do not stress the third factor. I want rather to know how long—through the paralysis of the art of healing—men and women who have never courted physical disaster are to suffer the tortures of the damned.

Starved Research.

I am aware of the amount of fatalism that exists upon this vital subject. Apart from those pious folks who believe that every human affliction is "sent" by an all-wise Providence for the good of the race, there is a vast body of more enlightened opinion which tacitly accepts the inevitability of mortal disease. As well cavil at thunder and lightning, they suggest, as at the ravages of cancer or the depredations of consumption. I admit that under present conditions there is a good deal of excuse for this reactionary view, and the barren record of research into the cause of these terrible diseases does not foster extravagant hopes. But are we really trying? Have we ever mobilised our scientific resources against the enemy within? Largely, of course, it is a question of money, and I confess that when I look into the figures I am appalled at the paucity of the provision made for the purposes of war upon disease. The only organised body engaged in this great human campaign is the Committee of the Privy Council for Medical Research, whose Annual Report for 1921 I have just finished reading.

AN UNHOLY

Terrible Ravages of Cancer, Consumption

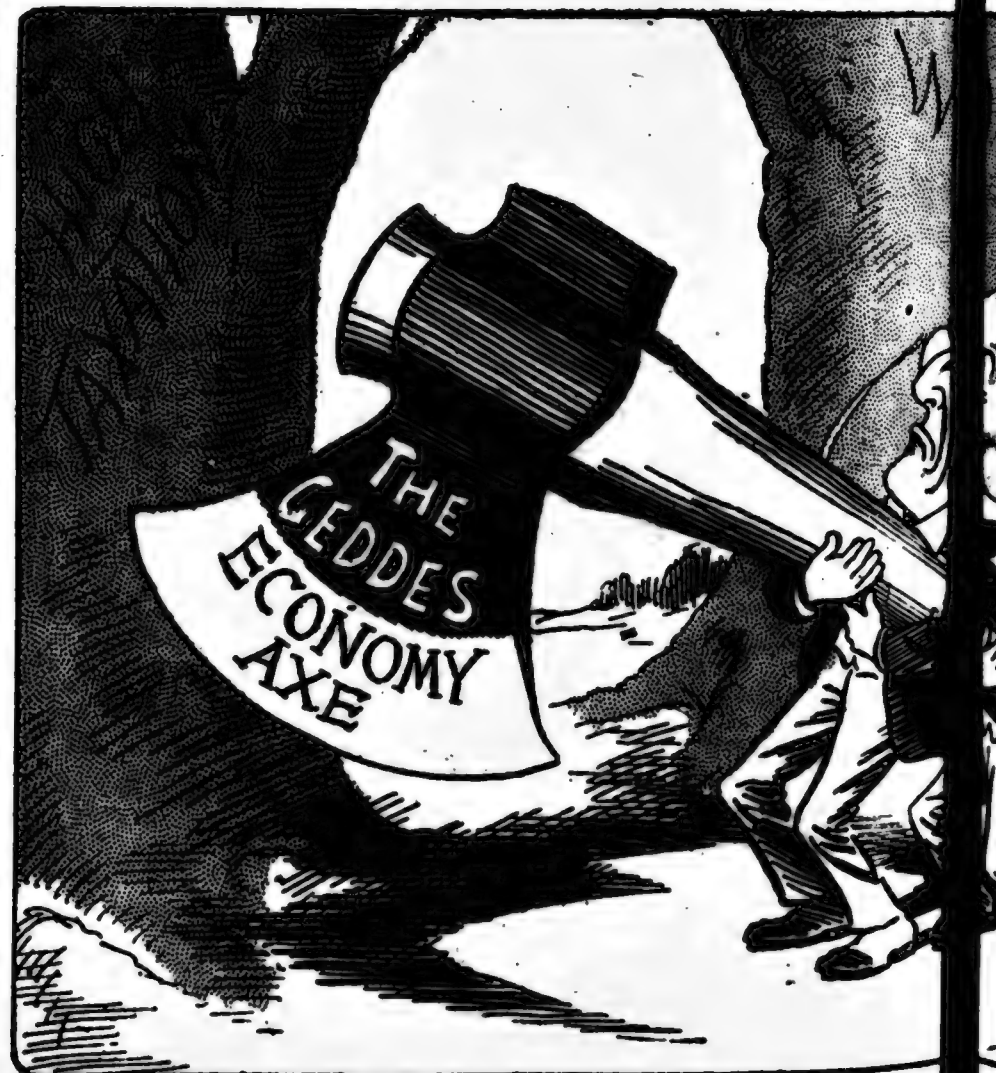
By TH

I do not pretend to understand all of it, but certain portions of this amazing document made me "sit up and take notice." For instance, I am not stirred to any special enthusiasm when I am told that "the experiments already made appear to show that the specific chemical substances which arise to aid the phagocytosis of tubercle bacilli by the wandering protective cells of the body act rather by increasing the activity of the phagocytes than by opsonizing or sensitizing the bacilli"; but when I discover that the Medical Research Council are complaining bitterly of lack of funds and informing the Government, through the Lord President of the Council, that they have only managed to make ends meet "by the exercise of a stringent economy and by a most careful selection among the many desirable opportunities of valuable research work," I begin dimly to understand why cancer is described as "incurable" and consumption regarded as a scourge of God. The truth is that we are starving the work of research into the cause and cure of diseases for the sake of squaring the Budget. Unfortunately, the savings thus credited to the Chancellor of the Exchequer are balanced by heavy and increasing debits in the returns of the Registrar of Deaths.

A Miserable Grant.

The total sum set aside by Parliament last year for scientific investigation into the cause and cure of disease of all kinds was £130,000. Just let that figure soak in. One hundred and thirty thousand pounds! This paltry sum had to pay not only for laboratory investigation but for research work at the hospitals, for a series of special inquiries carried out by the Industrial Fatigue

THE WEEK



DAVID: "Of course, the axe is all right, Austen, but..."

TRINITY.

and Venereal Disease—Research the Remedy.

EDITOR.

Research Board, and for a fresh survey of the whole field of mental disorders. Why, in the days when Germany was the enemy, and the menace of invasion hung over these shores, we blew as much money from the mouths of our guns in the space of twenty-four hours! In these relatively peaceful days we are cheerfully prepared to spend £84,000,000 a year on the Navy and £125,000,000 on the Army, and I am certainly not going to say that any further retrenchment is possible on these vital services. But for Heaven's sake let us keep our sense of proportion, and realise that through this miserable parsimony in respect of medical research we are flinging open wide the gates of invitation to the invading armies of disease and death. Ask any enlightened physician and he will tell you in no uncertain terms why there are no cures for cancer and consumption in the hands of the Faculty. It is good news that Lord Atholstan has offered £20,000 and Sir William Veno £10,000 for a non-surgical cancer remedy, but I hope other wealthy benefactors will not overlook the claims of the Medical Research Council, whose workers, wretchedly handicapped by lack of funds, and neglected by the Government, are searching for the cause of this terrible malady. *Prevention is better than cure!*

Grandiose Follies.

I want it to be understood, of course, that I am referring not to the treatment and care of the sick in public institutions, or any other of our elaborate national provisions for locking the stable door after the steed has been stolen. It is true we have a Ministry of Health which is costing the nation—directly and indirectly—something in the neighbourhood of £30,000,000 per annum, but it

FRANK'S CARTOON.



trouble is that we're not big enough for the job!"

seems that, in spite of its name, the task of combating disease, except through temporary palliatives, is not within its purview. According to the latest returns, the staff of the Ministry of Health numbers nearly six thousand persons, a large number of whom, if invited to seek more useful employment, would never be missed. Most of them belong to the great army of official Nosey Parkers whose prying intrusion into the domestic affairs of the British people is a crying scandal against which I have more than once raised my voice in protest. Save half this wasted money, and it will be possible, without adding a shilling to the taxpayers' burden, to launch a grand scientific offensive against disease in all its forms. There is hardly a single one of our over-fed State Departments which, by dint of stern economy, could not be made to contribute its quota towards the expense of such a campaign. The need is desperate. It is a reproach to our civilisation that over 100,000 men and women should be dying in this country every year from diseases of which we do not know the cause—still less the remedy. In many directions, the path of research is clear. Without a moment's delay, arrangements should be made for testing on a large scale the possibilities of radium as a cure for malignant growths which have resisted ordinary surgical treatment. Again, in regard to consumption, no time should be lost in subjecting the Spahlinger serum to exhaustive tests in the interests of that great army of sufferers whom the dread germ of tuberculosis is hurrying to an early grave.

Medical Conservatism.

I want to speak with all possible respect of the medical profession, among whom I number several friends who entirely share my views upon this vital question. Yet at the same time, it has to be admitted that such medical progress as has been recorded in recent years has been mainly traceable to foreign sources, and, in some instances, if the truth must be told, to a "kultur" whose manifestations in other fields of activity we have learned to hate and despise. I prefer not to disparage our own medical men, but rather to plead that they be given a chance to show their mettle, free from the fetters of a false economy that effectively debar able and ambitious men from the most useful and important work in the whole field of medicine. In my humble opinion, fortified by that of more than one eminent doctor whom I have had the opportunity of consulting, we shall find cures for cancer, consumption, and other diseases now beyond the reach of human aid, just as soon as we have the wisdom to endow the work of research and to make the task of the patient scientific investigator as remunerative as that of the fashionable consultant. We must learn to blush for that £130,000.

The Mischief of the Microbe.

There is no doubt that ill-health is at the root of much of our social and economic unrest, and that a healthier people would at the same time be a happier and more contented people, less prone to those anti-social excesses which are the bane of every modern State. We have had our fill of fighting in the physical sense, but there will surely be no lack of enthusiasm for a war on disease. Economically it would be the soundest of investments. I wonder what is the total cost in loss of labour through the present influenza epidemic—or whatever the Ministry of Health prefers that it should be called. These visitations are bound to occur as long as we starve the work of research and in the name of a false economy quench the ardour of the investigator. If this folly is to endure, we must put up with these murderous diseases and continue to fling a hundred thousand lives a year to the Moloch of destruction, which in these days is a microbe—scarcely visible under a microscope. Two courses are open to us. We can either maintain the Ministry of Health in its present form, divorced from the requirements of practical hygiene, and engaged chiefly in bureaucratic interference with the lives and habits of the people; or sweep it away and with the money saved carry the war into the enemy's country by means of an organised attack upon disease directed by the best scientific minds of the nation. Money so spent will really be saved. For as a nation we have suffered a cruel impoverishment of flesh and blood, while it remains as true as ever it was that, in the phrase of Ruskin, "There is no wealth but life."

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE REV. F. B. MEYER.



"Oo' mornin'! 'Ow's your reverence? Some time since I seen you last. Wot can I do for you? . . . Jest a trim? You shall 'ave it. Set 'ere, if you don't mind. I see you've bin ridin' your old 'obby 'orse again—you know, the old "purity" stunt. You 'aven't 'arf bin puttin' it across the Queen of Sheba! You're a bit down on the picshers, I fancies. But I reckon you've done that one a bit of good!

I dessay there'll be thousands o' people go to see it, now you've said it ain't everything to be desired, some o' the actresses in it not bein' prop'ly clothed. Thet sort o' free advert. must be worth 'undreds o' quids to the owners of a film like thet. You don't seem to realise it. You're gittin' on in years now, sir, and I don't want come down on you too 'eavy. But don't you think it's time you give up thet old 'abit o' yours? . . . Wot 'abit? Wy, goin' out o' your way to find things wot you reckon is naughty, not to say nasty? . . . Oh, you've got a duty to perform on be'arf of public morality, 'ave you? Well, everybody 'as, more or less, I s'pose. But that ain't no reason for muck-rakin'. Thet picsher wot you've bin makin' a fuss about passed the usual Censor, I s'pose. Let's see, T. P. O'Connor, ain't it? . . . Very well, then; if it was proper enough for 'im, it's proper enough for you, ain't it? . . . Oh, yes; I know thet. Diff'rent men 'ave got diff'rent standards. But it don't follow thet you've got a right to shove your standard on

me, if it 'appens to be diff'rent from mine. . . . And wot's all the fuss about w'en it comes to the point? You reckon, I unnerstand, thet the Queen o' Sheba shows rawther too much bare skin. Well, if you're so bloomin' pertickler, mister, you might say the same of most wimmen wot moves in fash'nable circles. But w're's the 'arm in it? The average man could look at a pretty woman in 'er birthday soot without turnin' a n'air! Try it on me, an' you'll see. D'you think people are goin' orf at the deep end jest becoss the Queen o' Sheba is economical with 'er clothes? Not them! . . . Eh? *People are not so indiff'rent to appeals to their baser passions as I try to make out?* Now wot exackly do you mean by people's "baser passions"? I tell you wot it is, Mister Meyer: people wot talk like you put all sorts of ideas into people's 'eads wot they wouldn't 'ave 'ad otherwise. Thet's always bin your way so long as I kin remember anythink about you. W'y not give it a rest? Drop it. Take a more 'ealthy view of life and our amusements, an' not so much o' the "baser passions" stunt. No natural passion is base unless you let it take charge, so to speak. Then it ain't the passion wot's base, but the abusin' of it. . . . *Would I refrain from all interference on be'arf of public morals?* Cert'n'y I would—w're theatres an' picshers is concerned, any'ow.

The public 'll keep 'em clean all right. Trust the British public. Wot sort of a run would a real naughty show 'ave in London, even if it was allowed? Not a week, old friend. Take it from me. . . . Well, goo' day, sir. 'Ave another dekkio at Sheba. It might not move your "baser passions" so much this time! . . . Well, I s'pose I could 'ardly expect a tip in the circs. . . .

FIRST ATTEMPT WINS FIRST PRIZE.

SCARBOROUGH CLERK SECURES "BULLETS" £250.

It is sometimes asked whether a "Bullets" first prize can be won with a first attempt. Of course, the prize goes to the sender of the best "Bullet"; and the Adjudicators are not even aware whether the winner is an old or a new competitor. Mr. C. S. Taberner, of 6, Clarence Street, Scarborough, tells us that the effort with which he won the first prize of £250 in Competition No. 435 was the first he had ever entered. He adds that it was entirely of his own construction. Mr. Taberner is a clerk. He is 24 years of age, and has been demobbed two years. He has not lately been blessed with the best of luck, and the substantial sum has arrived at a very opportune moment. This success should help to convince the sceptics that merit, and merit alone, decides the destination of all "Bullets" prizes.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

Amongst the many bargains advertised in JOHN BULL this week is that of Bees, Ltd., who offer to send their handsome photo-colour illustrated catalogue, with a shillingsworth of seeds, for sixpence.

The Universal Stores will deliver an excellent gramophone and a book of records for 50s.

S. A. Barry & Co. show a fine selection of low-priced made-to-measure men's clothing, and supply patterns, etc., free. These cloths are of excellent quality.

Bolsom Bros. offer wonderful value in underwear and boots.

Morton's supply good Raglan Overcoats at 21s. each, post free.

The British Soap Co.'s competition is a good idea for pushing their products amongst our readers.

Our advertisements are covered by the JOHN BULL guarantee of satisfaction or money back, which will be found on page ii of cover. This gives perfect security, and is proof of the care with which we select our advertisements.

SHORT STORY OF INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

The last article ended with a description of the hard struggle and the many failures which attended Industrial Insurance in its early days. These failures were ultimately turned to success by a few brilliant and daring pioneers. Just as some sociologists, with a leaning to State control of most things, gibe at the title to the copyright of the author or the patent of the inventor, so they gibe at the deserts of the pioneers of Industrial Insurance. An equitable survey of the controversy will show to fair minds that the discoverers of the scientific laws which made Industrial Insurance possible are as much entitled to the reward of their originality as the author and the inventor; and that in their case also, there must be recognition of originality and of individual effort as an important part of the foundation of the future of any nation.

In addition, the courage of the individual pioneer is an element that has a right to be counted among his claims to recognition. An idea huggid in the secrecy of the study or the laboratory is of little use to mankind; but how different the man who, having the idea, is willing to stake his all upon its realisation. That is what the pioneers of Industrial Insurance did. There was not one among them who, in face of the early failures and the many disappointments, did not put his all into Industrial Insurance; and the readiness of these men to stand or fall by their conception of what Industrial Insurance might become by the realisation of their daring dream, entitles them to fair consideration when it comes to their share of the profits that arise from the success of their then unknown scheme and methods.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE AGENT.

Now comes the next great agency in the creation of Industrial Insurance.

The failure of State Life Insurance soon emphasised the outstanding fact, namely, that the one possible method of building up Industrial Insurance was a visit to the working-man at regular intervals, which was the thought that lay behind the employment of the Insurance Agent. Speak to an Insurance man, whether he be employed in an ordinary or an Industrial Insurance Office, and, with few exceptions, he will answer that the problem of getting men to insure is a difficult one. There are exceptions, of course, and great ones; but the fact remains that Insurance mainly depends on personal canvass. If that be true, even with regard to the upper and middle classes, it is obviously even truer of the working masses. With all their conditions and their mentality, this proposition is indisputable to anybody who knows them—if it were not for the employment by the Offices of the Industrial Insurance Agent, the vast majority of them would remain outside all Insurance.

The first advantage of the employment of the agent was, that a body of trained men was brought into existence. Insurance, in the old days, had often been but a bye-play to the agent; he took it in his leisure hours, or as an accessory to a small business to which he gave most of his time and attention. This necessity of constant, and often difficult work in canvassing, in travel, and in the mastery of the different complexities of the business, made such demands on the time and on the mind of the agent, that he has usually to put aside all

other interests and occupations, and throw himself whole-heartedly into Insurance as his sole task in his working life.

THE BENEFIT OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

It is a remarkable class of men playing a larger part in the life of the nation than is realised. There is scarcely a house among the many millions of the working classes in the country which is not visited, at least once a week, by these agents. They are familiar, and they are friendly visitors to the many millions with whom they are in constant and intimate touch. Apart from their business relations with their clients, these agents perform many of the friendly offices of which the poor stand so much in need. Often it is they who advise on questions, such as legal claims, claims for pensions, and many domestic questions, often so upsetting and complicated to the minds of many of the masses. They are by unanimous testimony a thoroughly well-conducted body of men, so much so, that they are free to enter almost every working-class household in the kingdom; and such intimacy in the hands of unworthy men would bring peril to almost every household. Their clean record shows that there is no such peril.

Finally, they number—since the great reduction during the war—something like 60,000; all are being trained by the best possible means for educating the wage-earners in the principles of thrift, and consequently make good teachers of high average character, and, entering the household weekly, must be a great asset to any nation.

(The continuation of this story will appear in next week's issue.)

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COMPANY MEETING.

LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

The Ordinary General Meeting of the London Joint City and Midland Bank Limited was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.4, on January 27th, 1922.

The Right Hon. B. McKenna (Chairman), who presided, said:—

In accordance with a custom of many years' standing I propose before I tell the story of our own Bank to make some observations on general trade and economic conditions.

Two years ago, when we were suffering the discomfort of a rapid rise in the cost of living, it seemed appropriate at our Annual Meeting to take high prices as the subject of my Address. I ventured at that time upon a word of warning, and I endeavoured to show that any attempt to drive prices down by a policy of forced deflation would lead to grave trade depression and widespread unemployment. Last year, when I addressed you, a policy of deflation had been publicly announced and steadily pursued for a considerable period. We have recently learnt the evil consequences of deflation in the school of experience, and this policy has for the time being fallen into disrepute. But unfortunately the lesson has had the effect of turning a considerable body of opinion back in favour of inflation, and we seem now to have in prospect a regular alternation between the two policies, each to be adopted in turn as a remedy for the other.

NEED FOR STABILITY OF PRICES.

The truth is of course that both inflation and deflation are bad. What is needed is stability, the point from which both alike proceed in opposite directions. When we have stability of prices we have a basis upon which trade can be carried on with confidence. Manufacturers, merchants, and retailers are then able to make their contracts with reasonable assurance that the debts created under the contracts will be paid when due in a currency of the same purchasing value as it had when the obligations were assumed. The world offers at the present time the clearest examples of the evils of both inflation and deflation. In Russia we see the complete industrial and commercial collapse in which the inflationary process finally ends; and in this country part at least of the trade depression and unemployment, and much of the budgetary difficulty which we see ahead of us, are attributable to the policy of deflation.

The overwhelming gravity of the problem of unemployment with which we are confronted at the present time has led me to choose it as the central theme of my Address to you today. It would be impossible within the limits of such an address as this to give more than a bare outline of each of the causes of unemployment, but in the short time at my disposal I wish you to consider first the economic condition of Europe, and lastly the burden of taxation.

ECONOMIC CONDITION OF EUROPE.

The economic needs of Europe are the primary consideration in formulating our policy. Our course would be clearly clear. We should recognise that modern industrial and transport conditions have brought the countries into such close trading relationship as to make each an integral part of the trading world as a whole. One nation, and still more a group of nations, cannot be isolated and impoverished so as to lose its ability to function within the entire machine out of which it has been torn. Our own trade cannot be pre-war activity whilst so many countries continue in their pre-

sent broken-down condition, and though our plans to foster our export trade by the grant of special credit facilities may be a temporary palliative, the only lasting solution of the problem is by the re-establishment of genuine peace and an ordered system of government throughout Europe.

GERMAN REPARATIONS.

An essential preliminary of the restoration of Europe is to settle the terms of the German indemnity upon a sound economic basis. When Germany is required to pay large sums periodically to the Reparation Commission, what is really meant is that Germany must export during each period saleable commodities which have a total selling value equal to the liabilities she has to meet.

If this were the whole problem, it would not present any great difficulty. The maximum annual payment Germany could be required to make under the terms of the London Ultimatum is about £400 millions, and there is no doubt that German industry is more than equal to an export of this value. But an industrial country cannot have a large export without receiving imports. Germany has to import a considerable proportion of her raw materials and a certain amount of food, and payment for these must be a first charge upon her exports. The utmost she can pay over to the Reparation Commission is her exportable surplus, and, considering the question only from the point of view of the amount Germany can pay, the problem becomes one of determining the extreme limit to which this surplus could be forced. What that limit may be I do not venture to say, but judging from the experience of the last six months I do not think that it could possibly be made sufficient to meet her liabilities for reparations under the Ultimatum of London.

LABOUR AND RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT.

If we pass from the external influences upon our trade which at the present time are affecting us injuriously and turn to our labour conditions, I believe we shall find that there also mistaken economic ideas are at the root of much of our trouble. Every person in this room would, I have no doubt, regard it as the merest commonplace to say that all rules, or customs or practice which by restricting output cause more men to be employed than are necessary to do a given piece of work in a given time, must increase the cost of production and in the long run be harmful to trade. But we should make a mistake if we thought that this was an opinion generally held by workmen. Many workmen of course have as good an understanding of economics as anybody; and it is right to say that so far as I am aware there is no Trade Union regulation, with possibly one exception, which in so many words directly restricts output. But it is not open to doubt that such restriction is very common in practice. We know for instance how usual it is to prescribe a limit which individual output may not exceed, and it is quite customary upon the introduction of a new machine to insist upon more men being employed than the machine really requires.

Underlying this practice or custom is the praiseworthy purpose of preventing men being thrown out of employment. I believe a large part, if not the majority of our workmen think that a restriction of output has this effect. In a country like ours in which trades are greatly subdivided and every man is confined by habit and training to a particular section of work, the fear of unemployment is the bane of working-class life; and if the unwritten rules restricting output did in fact prevent unemployment we could not hope to see them given up. But since they do not; since, on the contrary, the supposed

remedy for unemployment is itself a powerful aggravation of the evil, what we need is to convince the workmen that their economic theory is false.

EFFECTS OF RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT.

All restriction of output raises the price of the article produced, and if the restriction operates over a wide enough field, it must increase the general cost of living and thereby reduce the real value of the wages received by all workmen. Combination amongst workmen to raise wages is very different from a combination to restrict output. In the former case the workmen seek to obtain for themselves as large a share as possible of the total earned by the joint efforts of capital and labour; in the latter they seek to increase the number of men amongst whom the workmen's total share is to be divided. They do not see that this is the effect of the restriction of output, because it does not show itself by a reduction in money wages. The first effect of a restriction of output is a rise in the cost of living; the next effect is general unemployment. The greatest sufferers are the workmen themselves. They share in the product of their labour as a whole, and, if they did but realise it, are most benefited when each individual member of their body works at his highest efficiency.

EVILS OF EXCESSIVE TAXATION.

And when I turn now to the third cause I have mentioned of our bad trade and unemployment, excessive taxation, we shall find here also that economics are treated as of little account.

It would not be easy—I doubt if it would be possible—to define the limits of a nation's taxable capacity. Too much depends upon the human factor, which varies so greatly in different people. As wealth is created by human effort, the greatest care should be taken not to discourage those upon whose enterprise so much of the industrial progress of the country depends. Looked at from the point of view of national wealth and prosperity, in which we all have an interest, it is bad policy to deprive business men of the stimulus of a reasonable return for their labours. It may be difficult to determine in advance the exact maximum scale of taxation which could be imposed upon us without impairing in any marked degree the national spirit of business enterprise, but we cannot shut our eyes to the signs that our present taxation has probably exceeded this limit.

But the question is not merely one of the discouragement of effort. We know that if business is to expand and prosper continuous additions must be made to the capital employed. A growing business—and at every period it is upon growing business that the progress of the future depends—is one in which a large part of the profits each year are saved and put back into the concern. By this method the energetic and capable young man slowly acquires the additional capital he needs for development and brings himself to the front. If now the whole or a large part of his savings is absorbed each year in taxes, he is deprived of the means of enlarging his business. New plant cannot be acquired; additional stock cannot be bought; growth becomes impossible. The capital which the keen, active, enterprising man could use to the utmost advantage in developing trade is taken from him and spent unproductively on one of the manifold activities of the State. In such conditions business must become stagnant, and in this country, where the industrial organisation is contrived for expansion and a continually growing production, stagnation means failure.

Let us look at excessive taxation in another aspect. Everyone is agreed that taxation of the poor on such a scale as to deprive them of the means of obtaining the necessities of life is morally wrong. But it is not generally accepted that excessive taxation of the rich is economically wrong. Most rich men do not spend the whole of their income on their own consumption. Some part, and often a very considerable part, is saved, and these savings are lent as industrial and commercial capital. A high Super-tax in the case of the rich is largely a tax upon savings, and the money taken by the State is withdrawn from productive use and spent upon consumption. In a healthy condition of a State no more should be raised in taxation than will leave an amount available for capital development sufficient to meet all the needs of business.

Our present scale of taxation then I believe to be so high as to undermine our national business energy and enterprise and to deprive us of indispensable capital. What is the remedy? There is only one, which we must face with all the determination and resolution at our command. We must reduce expenditure to the utmost limit consistent with our contractual obligations and the supply of indispensable services. If we do so now, we shall quickly recover our national earning power and with it will come the elasticity of revenue which we experienced during the second half of the last century. The ideal of economy, both in public and private affairs, is alluring and popular, but the practice is quite another matter. It is difficult, often hateful, and certainly never popular. But to-day, looking at our decline in revenue, the state of our trade and the dangers which confront us, we have no choice. I have no hesitation in saying that, whatever the difficulties, the strictest economy in our national expenditure has become the first and most imperative necessity of our time.

The Report was adopted and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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science to the bitter end makes a thrilling romance. You will be heart and soul with this remarkable and lovable modern girl in the trials and struggles which beset her path.

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OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."
JOHN BULL, 10th August, 1916.

Hospital Rations:—At Ashurst War Hospital, near Oxford, some of the food served up causes language that wouldn't look at all well on a Sunday School banner. We have seen certain spherical objects which we suppose are intended for potatoes, but they seem to have strayed from the pig-trough. Will the authorities kindly look into the matter? And, by the way, why are the men not given their ration money when on leave? Such pin-pricks are more unbearable than really substantial grievances.

Back to the Land:—St. Giles-in-the-Wood, Torrington, is peopled mainly by farmers, many of whom did nothing during the war except amass fortunes which enabled them to purchase their own farms. Yet they allowed a son of the soil who did his bit for them to be buried at the expense of the parish. William Hammett was a strong man before the war—sturdy enough, at all events, to do duty for four years in a Labour Battalion in France. In the course of his service, however, he contracted a painful illness.

"Rattle His Bones!"—He struggled on for a couple of years, until he was reduced to existence on 15s. a week parish relief. He lingered bedridden for eight weeks, and then passed out, to be trundled to his grave by the parish. Now, during his long period of privation and suffering the people of St. Giles had shown a ready inclination to subscribe to fashionable testimonials and presentations. But for this poor middle-aged farm labourer, broken in the war, they apparently had nothing to spare.

Shameless Stourport:—Although among the "selected applicants" for the post of Assistant Overseer and Rate Collector at Stourport were ex-Service men fully qualified for the duties, and badly wanting the pay, the Town Council passed them over, and appointed a Mr. J. C. Powell—who, although of military age, did no Warservice, and moreover is already in business for himself as a coal merchant and also acts as manager of a cinema. We trust the upshot will be that the shameless Councillors will be fired out at the April election.

Penalised:—Certain clerks in the Expense Accounts Department at Devonport Dockyard who volunteered for active service came back to find that the juniors who stayed at home had secured all the plums in the way of promotion. Naturally aggrieved, they put their case before the Admiralty, asking to be placed on the scale of pay they would have received had they not joined up. The reply was the usual letter of regret. In view of the Government's assurances that men who joined the Forces would not be penalised, the position taken up by "My Lords" is scandalous.

Tommy Not Wanted:—The Cleobury Mortimer R.D.C. seems to have little use for ex-Service men, for they have turned down the application of a disabled hero for appointment as Sanitary Inspector, though he was fully qualified for the post, and have given the job to another officer of the Council, despite the fact that when men were urgently needed to fight, they considered it necessary to keep the two appointments separate.

Nor Children:—They are generous folk at Cleobury Mortimer, for the Guardians advertise for a Master and Matron of the Workhouse at £20 a year each, with rations (except beer), washing and furnished apartments. Though applicants must be husband and wife between the ages of 28 and 50, those without children will be preferred. This is the sort of thing that makes our blood boil.

The Better Way:—A Wandsworth ex-soldier, of over four years' service, but with no pension and no work, suggests that if he were granted a lump sum of £10 to expend on stock and raw materials, he could keep himself and his wife and family. He has drawn £29 13s. "in dribblets" of food and money; if the municipality had made the experiment of setting him up with a capital sum equal to one-third of the total already advanced, he would by this time be independent of dole and relief. We are afraid that suggestion is too sensible for adoption.

Underpaid "Relief" Work:—From many parts of the country come tidings of shocking under-payment by Local Authorities for temporary "relief" work. For one week's real hard labour at Warwick—sewer-laying in rain and mud—an ex-Tommy received, plus insurance, only 34s. 1d., being 50 per cent. less than the district rate for unskilled labourers. Besides, this has "broken the sequence" of one poor chap's signatures on the Unemployment Register, so he is disqualified from getting any "dole" for another fortnight, and naturally wonders how he is to subsist meanwhile.

Admiralty Dilatoriness:—Joined up in 1915 for the Dardanelles, torpedoed in the North Sea in April, 1917, lost everything, pay stopped, and out of work for weeks; compelled to abandon his next ship under enemy submarine gunfire, landed penniless in Spain, worked his way back home, and applied for compensation in August, 1917. Such was the history of Charles Grimsby, of Bristol, to that date. Carried on till recently, when he had to leave his ship through illness. Savings gone; a wife and four children; only income 15s. weekly insurance. And so far no compensation. A tale of grit as creditable to the man as it is discreditable to the authorities.

Fired!—Ex-Sergeant Owen Jones, of North Street, Shrewsbury, tells us that, after serving overseas from 1914 to 1919, he was engaged as temporary clerk in the local Infantry Record Office. Though he has been discharged, he says, "other men who have not served overseas at all are still being retained." The suggestion of Mr. Jones is that "some very funny business is going on."

Down and Out in Ireland:—With the coming of Sinn Féin, the Government works in Ireland are closing down, in consequence of which many ex-Service men, who were given preference there, are having to walk the plank. Their chances of finding new employment as against Sinn Féiners are remote. Yet there is no suggestion, so far as we can learn, to compensate them for the loss of their jobs.

Notice to Quit:—Mr. Frank Percy, ex-Service man of Pinhoe, near Exeter, with his wife and six-months-old child, lives in a tent 10 ft. long by 6 ft. wide, but the Sanitary Inspector says it is "in such an abominable state as to be a nuisance," so Percy is ordered to quit. The St. Thomas Rural Council did not suggest alternative accommodation, no doubt thinking that the Workhouse was a fit place for heroes to live in.

Hard Lines:—It seems hard lines that a young ex-soldier named Archibald Elliott, who lost his arm at Paschendale, should have to go to prison for a second term for non-payment of arrears of maintenance to a wife who writes: "I don't want your money or you. I have good friends, and my purse is always full without hard work." Apparently, however, the Magistrate had no option but to make the Committal Order. All the same, there is something "sharper than a serpent's tooth" about treatment like this.

Mistaken Kindness:—The only son of his mother, and she a widow living in Ireland, a youngster who joined up during the War at the age of fifteen and is now in the Air Force, stationed in Scotland, wants to get his discharge in order to support her, she being in very poor health. Although there is a job awaiting him in his native town, his application has been refused, simply because his C.O. considers he "would be much better off in the Army than out of it." That seems mistaken kindness. Surely he and his mother are the best judges of their own circumstances.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From F. L. 1., Boscombe, Bournemouth:—"I am writing to you to thank you for the cheque received quite safe this day for £15 4s. 2d. prize money, for which I am very grateful, thanks to you. Wishing your paper every success in the future."

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By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 2d. stamps for postage the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send seven coupons and P.O. for 2s. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. 3d., extra.

ADDRESS: Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, Lond.n, W.C.2

P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & CO.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib.

J.B.A.22

That knotty problem you cannot solve—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

THE
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EMBRACES
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— AND THE —

'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE

No newspaper is more vigilant to safeguard the wellbeing and interests of its readers than "John Bull."

The publishers of this journal will confirm the remarkable fact that, although THE BARRY TAILORING SERVICE has supplied over Six Thousand "John Bull" readers, NOT ONE SOLITARY COMPLAINT has been received by them in regard to the tailoring so supplied.

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**£4 4s. PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
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£6 : 6 : 0 ALL-WOOL, INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK BLUE SERGE SUIT To measure for £3 : 10 : 0 Certified All-wool by Brad- ford Corporation Testing House Certificate	£8 : 6 : 0 PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT £3 : 10 : 0 To measure  The sure guarantee— The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History	£10 : 10 : 0 PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS The choicest pro- ducts of our very best English Mills To measure £5 : 5 : 0 Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.
£3 : 3 : 0 ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT To measure for £1 : 10 : 0 As worn by J. Dinwiddie.	£12 : 12 : 0 BOND STREET DRESS SUIT £6 : 6 : 0 The Perfection of Quality, Finish, and Workmanship.	£3 : 3 : 0 TRENCH COAT for 36/6 This is the only ready-made line we handle. A really reliable storm coat.

THE SILENT TAILOR.

FREE. Send for Patterns of all these wonderful values. YOU cannot but be impressed. With full ranges of free patterns, we will send measurement chart enabling you to take your measures with the accuracy of a qualified tailor. AND THE RISK WILL BE ENTIRELY WITH US IF WE FAIL TO FIT YOU FROM YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. IF WE FAIL WE WILL REFUND NOT ONLY THE FULL AMOUNT REMITTED, BUT 2/6 over and above such sum to compensate you for your loss of time.

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S. A. BARRY & CO., Exclusive Measure Tailors
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Those visiting or residing in London are invited to call.

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LEARN the Mail Order Business and be your own master. £5 capital can make £500 a year. Write for particulars, Dept. F. L. 15, Shaw Inst., 37, Red Lion St., London, W.C.

WHEN YOUR BUSINESS CALLS FOR MORE TRANSPORT FACILITIES, write to STRAKER-SQUIRE, who are ready to supply real good vehicles at moderate prices.—S. S. Edmonstone, N.18.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without purchasing stock. Improved scheme, endorsed by business authorities.—Noble Bros., 10, Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for shopkeepers and beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Ready-made, Travelers' Samples, Catalogues and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 55 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60, 100, Strand, London, W.C.2).

HARRIS TWEEDS.—Genuine hand-made all-wool, direct from weaver to wearer, 6/- yard; large selection, 54 in. tweeds, 5/- to 6/- yard. Fatta, free.—Driver, Dept. 13, Inverness, Scotland.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cards, credit, etc. on order. Liberal supply of sample. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

REAL Harris and Lewis Hosiery, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 50s.; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

TATTOOING or Tattoo Removing by experienced specialist. T. or F. R. Outfits complete from 5/6. O. B. Davis, 289, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including vulcanizers, motor drivers, fitters, carpenters, hospital orderlies, etc. Ages 18 to 30 ex-Servicemen, and 18 to 25 civilians. Pay commences at rates between 5/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage Allowance paid to married men of 25 years of age and over, with allowance for children.—For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Crown Road, James Watt St., Birmingham; or 299, Bath Street, Glasgow; or 11, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; or 18, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

CHRAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6. 1,000 Memory, 10/- Handbill, 11/- Samples free.—Winkill, Printer, Exeter, Devon.

£300, £400, £500 Salary for Certified Book-keepers; postal tuition, 5s. monthly; success guaranteed two exams; prospectus free.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 9), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

CYCLE BARGAINS.—High-class ladies' and gent's machines to be cleared at under cost from £4 10s. cash. Big clearance sale of leading Coventry machines. Lists sent on application.—George King (Coventry), Ltd., Coventry.

DON'T WEAR A RUBBER! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery, wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Blinds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1765D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WRITING PAYS.—Sample Lesson, etc., post free from Proctor, Premier School of Journalism, 11, Great Turnstile, W.C.

STERLING Stainless Spoons and Forks.—No cleaning, no polishing; no plating to wear off. Simply wash with water, then ready for use. Original lustre retained indefinitely. Sample Fork and Spoon post free. 3/- Money returned if not entirely satisfied.—Amalgamated Trading Co., 31, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

PROFESSIONAL CARD TRICKS.—Complete Automatic Set, 3/6. Failure absolutely impossible.—Wabern's (Y.), Osborne Road, Farnborough, Hants.

GRAMOPHONE and Records. Beautiful 4 ft. Inlaid Cabinet, magnificent tone, motor plays 4 records, accept £5 5s. Would send on appo.—B. Edwards, 135, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London.

Don't take risks —guard against Influenza

Influenza finds its victims among the weak, the run down, the overworked, and those whose strength has been reduced by Coughs, Colds, and other Winter ailments. You have nothing to fear from Influenza if you take Hall's Wine, the great safeguard.

Hall's Wine enriches the blood, restores energy to the nerves, imparts tone and vigour to the whole system. Don't wait for Influenza to find your weak spots—take Hall's Wine to keep up your strength.

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THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE

Read what a Doctor says about Hall's Wine after Influenza—"In a case of general weakness following Influenza, I found that Hall's Wine acted as a wonderful restorative. I shall invariably feel it my duty to recommend Hall's Wine."

Buy a Bottle To-day!
Large Size 6/-

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Head Office: 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

Authorised Capital	£20,000,000
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Reserve Fund	£2,250,000
Deposits (Dec. 31, 1921)	£230,942,300

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The Bank has over 1,450 branches in England and Wales, and agents and correspondents in all the principal towns throughout the World.

EXTRA TURNS. By PUBLIC PATTERNERS.

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON.

I'm Edward Grey of Falloodon,
Well known to all my fellow-men
As one whose speeches and whose pen
Have often won applause;
But though I'm a sound patriot,
I haven't really *done* a lot,
Or, if I did, I've quite forgot
The occasion and the cause!
True, some appear to hold the view
That quite a lot to me is due,
And would persuade me to renew
My active politics;
And, though it don't appeal to me,
I fear they'll force me to agree,
And me again you'll shortly see
At the old Party tricks!



where, I think, rather becoming. And now they're doing their best to barge me back into the political arena! They actually persuaded me to make a political speech the other day, agin the Government and on the good old Party

PATTER: Rather annoying, you know. I'm quite happy and comfortable in private life—not long married, you know, and all that. Plenty of nature and wild life to study and trout streams to fish. You know how fond I am of open-air life and all that, don't you? Eh, what—haven't you seen my photos in the picture papers? My tweed jacket and knickers

lines. . . . Who persuaded me? Why, the Independent Liberals, of course—the Asquithian crowd—though how Lord Bob Cecil has come to be associated with us I can't quite make out. I thought he was a crusty—I mean crusted—Tory of the old, die-hard type. I suppose his idea is that by mixing up with us he can hurt the Government and the Coalition more readily. But I don't like that sort of thing, you know. It's a bit on the mean and tricky side, and no one has ever been able to accuse me of meanness or trickery in politics, although I've been a Party man all my life. I don't mind admitting that my re-entry into Party politics as an active associate with Asquith isn't altogether approved of by some of the Wee-Free Libs. They don't seem to like me, somehow. I don't know why. Perhaps they are afraid I shall supplant Asquith and be asked to form a Government after the next General Election, which ought to be the end of Coalition and Lloyd George . . . Eh, what's that? . . . Don't be too sure? Now, look here. Haven't I publicly declared that I have no confidence in the Prime Minister? . . . Why was it a dirty trick, as you call it? . . . Meant to shake the confidence of the country in him while he is staggering under the burden of government? Oh, do be quiet, please. This is my show, not yours. These ladies and gentlemen in the stalls have come here to hear me, not you up there in the gallery; for

I'm Edward Grey of Falloodon,
One of the most superior men—
Remember how I acted when
The awful war began!
Lloyd George I've stood by loyally,
But now there's nought 'twixt him and me:
I've turned Asquithian and Wee-Free,
A Liberal Party man!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading: Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BUILDING AND MONUMENTAL WORKERS' TRADE JOURNAL":—"The Employers . . . notified the Federation of their desire to reduce wages to 100 PER CENT. BELOW pre-war level."

"EVENING STANDARD":—"Jones is . . . about 5 FT. 10 IN. in WEIGHT."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—"She was dressed in a three-quarter length GREY coat of CRUSHER STRAWBERRY COLOUR."

"THE BRITISH BOY":—"He . . . looked me OVER THOUGHTFULLY WITHOUT ANY EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE."

"DONCASTER GAZETTE" (advertisement):—"Try — as your UNDERTAKER, SHALL BE PLEASED TO OBLIGE at a reasonable charge."

"WEST LONDON OBSERVER" (advertisement):—"Large semi-basement unfurnished room in quiet refined home; ONE LADY ONLY NEWLY DECORATED."

"WEEKLY RECORD":—"I glimpsed three Injuns, mounted BARE-BACK, and coming like the wind behind me. From their appearance in the SADDLE they must have been feeding on fire-water."

"BOY'S CINEMA":—"George arrived with his LANTERN, and the denizens of the dungeon CRAWLED INTO IT. They soon made themselves comfortable. It was a top-hole place for secret meetings."

"HAMILTON ADVERTISER":—"Mr. — has, with thoughtful generosity, distributed A PAIR OF RABBITS TO ABOUT 150 OF THE DESERVING POOR of Hamilton."

"FLEETWOOD CHRONICLE":—"The Blackpool Fire Brigade were engaged for ABOUT FIVE YEARS, ON MONDAY, extinguishing a blaze in Newton-drive."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 98, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

His Agency:—Served abroad with the Army, now a mere discharged soldier out of work, without pension or dole. The little family was starving when a youngster died, and the dread was of a pauper's funeral, which we happily prevented.

Out of the Army:—Down from the Army and down and out in civil life, a man had pawned everything that the pawnbroker would take in, to provide his "little lot" with food. He was in arrears with his landlord, and was about to be evicted when we acted.

Troubles Multiplied:—Out of work since his demobilisation, an ex-soldier has a wife and four children to look after. When things were at their worst his mother died, and there was every prospect of a parish funeral until we were applied to.

The Same Class:—Another ex-Tommy was suffering through want of work. He had a wife and three children to keep, until the youngest died. Think of it. We did—and assisted.

The Present Plagues:—Much extra strain is thrown upon our little fund by the prevailing plagues of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and influenza, to say nothing of pneumonia and bronchitis—illnesses that are particularly prevalent among our ill-fed and ill-clad poor. To help us to help them is our appeal to You.

WAR WIDOW'S WOEFUL END.

"PITY IN PLENTY. BUT REAL HELP—NONE!"

Among the many heartbreaking tragedies of life and death which it is our sad, yet privileged, duty to investigate on behalf of contributors to our Fund, few are more distressing than those of the poverty stricken widows of our war heroes. They struggle on in conditions of which the unthinking public have no real conception. Such a case came to our notice last week through the death in Birmingham of the widow of a soldier who died whilst serving with the 6th Battalion Royal Warwick Regiment. She had succumbed after a severe struggle to survive the winter and provide for her three children.

MOTHER UNBURIED, CHILDREN DESTITUTE.

Her poor weary body still remained unburied; and the three little orphans were in a sadly destitute state, without boots to shield their tiny feet from the freezing slush and snow, while their clothing was pathetically inadequate to protect their delicate, ill-nourished little bodies from the biting winter winds. Notwithstanding the fact that her husband, son and brother are all out of work and receiving parish relief, a married sister of the dead woman was doing her best for the children until after the funeral, but—there was the difficulty—there was no money with which to bury her. She had died uninsured and without a farthing in her possession. The poor sorrowing sister tried clergymen, Citizens' Committee and Pensions Committee, but to no avail. "I have had plenty of pity but no real help—none," she says, in appealing to us as a last resort. She did not appeal in vain.

WITH MANY THANKS.

"Chu Chu," 2s. 6d.; J. W. (Coatbridge), 1s. 8d.; "One who doesn't see the big Prize Winners give much," 6d.; M. S. (Darwen), 1s.; H. H. (Larkhall), 3d.; "Rap" (Manchester), 5s.; "W," 1s.; F. G. S. (Glasgow), 10s.; V. C. S. (Friston), 5s.; A. B. C. (Datchet), 2s. 6d.; R. C., 2s.; F. D. (Beddian), 2s.; M. C., 1s. 6d.; A. G. (Scotland), 1s.; J. F. (Hednesford), 2s.; "Nulli Secundus" (Hastings), 1s.; Mrs. T. E. G. (Worcester), 5s.; Mrs. A. T. (Merton), 5s.; E. A. H. B. (Darlington), 2s. 6d.; E. H. (Auchinblair), 2s.; A. G. (Falkland), 2s.; F. W. M., 6d.; J. B. (Forfar), 1s.; J. C. (Glasgow), 6d.; Mrs. A. (Bedale), 1s.; "In Loving Memory of a Very Dear Son and a Little Child," 5s.; T. C. C., 7d.; H. L. J. (Montrose), 1s.; Ex R.O.A. (Orkney), 2s. 6d.; A. A. G. (Kirkwall), 2s.; W. W. (Norwich), 1s.; D. M. (Inverness), 3s.; "Tom" (Malton), 1s.; "Widow's Mite," 1s.; W. M. (Chatham), 1s.; "A Reader," Clothing; D. A. (Numhead), Parcel; B. S. (Ipswich), 1s.; A. B. E. (Witherness), 1s.; "W" 1s.; A. S. (Burnley), 1s.; E. T. (Harrogate), 1s.; F. A. C. (Highbury), 10s.; X. Y. Z., 5s.; J. D. (Lincoln), 5s.; "Tommy on Leave," 5s.; E. H. (Clapham), 2s. 6d.; H. S. (Streatham), 2s. 6d.; C. J. S., 5s.; "Mena" 4s. 6d.; W. H. C. (Carnforth), 2s. 6d.; A. H. D. (Hastings), 2s. 6d.; J. P. (Hammermore), 2s. 6d.; W. M. (Hammermore), 2s.; "In Loving Memory of my Dear Son who gave his Life for his Country," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; F. W. (Bucks), 1s. 6d.; W. S. (S.E. 27), 1s.; Mrs. C. S. (Chiswick), 2s. 6d.; Barcy (Dunston-on-Tyne), 1s.; "Patty" 1s.; Miss A. M. W. (Vancouver), 2 dollars; "Tweedside," 5s.; "Lewdown" and parcel, 5s.; "Avenue" (St. Albans), 10s.; "A Wellwisher" (Wembley), 3s.; B. W. G. B., 5s.; Mr. G. R. V. (Blackheath), 10s. 6d.; M. S. (New Jersey), 1 dollar; Anon., 2s. 2d.; A. W. (Cambridge), 2s. 6d.; "Tenny and Pip" (Watford), 2s.; P. E. E., 1s.; A. H. F. (Middlessex), 1s.; Mr. W. E. R. (Peckham), 1s.; W. O., 1s.; C. T. L. (Rugby), 2s.; E. B. (Brondesbury), 12s.; E. L. (Mill Hill), 5s.; "Brown" (Bacup), 10s.; Miss J. C., 1s.; Mrs. J. B., parcel.

IS YOUR GIFT HERE?

COLLECTING BOXES.

Mr. A. Anderson, 3, West Richmond Street, Edinburgh, 1s. W. M. Wyle, Ltd., 164, North Street, Glasgow, 15d.; Mr. Linton, c.o. Williams & Thomas (Drapers), Broadway, Stratford, 5s.; Mr. Alex Stevenson, 39, Ladywell Street, Glasgow, 1s. 6d.; Mr. Jones, Bay Horse Hotel, Corporation Street, Manchester, 6s. 3d.; Mr. Hewitt, Crown Hotel, Blackfriars Street, Manchester, 75d.; Mr. Nolan, Castle Hotel, Oldham Street, Manchester, 1s. 4d.; Mr. C. Southco, Central Stores, Bellinase, nr. Herne Bay, 1s.; Mr. E. Francis, 32, Jameson Street, Hull, 5s.; Mr. S. Barker, Crickes Hotel, Bury New Road, Manchester, 8s. 8d.; Dr. E. Emile Ashley, Apple House, Strerford, Manchester, 2s. 6d.; Mr. F. D. Ferguson, Falscliffe Hotel, Market Place, Manchester, 1d.; Mr. A. Sinden, Edwards Bazaar, Fridge Hill, Shrewsbury, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Joyce, 165, West Street, Redminster, Bristol, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Francis, 32, Jameson Street, Hull, 12s. 6d.; Mr. Front, 8, Highgate Hill, N., 1s. 8d.; Mr. Heath, 18, Church Street, Croydon, 6s.; Mr. Boundry, The Victory, William Road, Sutton, 5s.

Don't waste time arguing—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

THREE GREAT GOVERNMENT SURPLUS OFFERS.

WHY YOU SHOULD BUY BRITISH GOVERNMENT UNDERWEAR NOW.

OWING TO THE RELEASE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S ENTIRE STOCK OF MEN'S WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR AN OPPORTUNITY OCCURS TO SECURE THIS MOST NECESSARY ARTICLE OF MEN'S WEAR AT LESS THAN HALF THE ORIGINAL COST.

THE whole unissued stock of British Government Vests and Pants, comprising nearly two million garments has been acquired by Messrs. Bolsom Bros., and is without question the largest transaction ever made in men's underwear.

EVERY GARMENT WAS MADE TO GOVERNMENT SPECIFICATIONS BY THE LARGEST AND MOST IMPORTANT BRITISH MANUFACTURERS, TESTED AND PASSED BY GOVERNMENT EXPERTS, AND EVERY ONE IS STAMPED WITH THE MAKER'S NAME AND DATE OF MANUFACTURE.

THE WOOL USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF THESE GARMENTS IS OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY, MAKING THEM WARM, COMFORTABLE AND NON-IRRITANT TO THE SKIN. THEY WERE MADE FOR BRITISH NAVAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS AND MEN TO STAND THE DISOURS OF THE SEVEREST CLIMATES, THEREFORE IT IS THE MOST RELIABLE UNDERWEAR EVER PRODUCED.

IT is delivered from the various British Government Depots in the original bales direct to Bolsom Bros. Government Surplus Depot, 129, Strand, ONLY, and cannot be obtained elsewhere.

THESE Vests and Pants are of the usual civilian pattern, and can be had in every size and in either light, medium or heavy weights, all at the one standard price of 5/- per garment, which is far below the actual cost of manufacture to-day.

THEY are equally suitable for the City and professional man, motorists, farmers, railwaymen, postmen, policemen, miners, mechanics, engineers, manual workers, and, in fact, for all men in every station of life requiring the most reliable under-wear.

It is therefore up to every man to take advantage of an opportunity that can never occur again once this stock is cleared.

"JOHN BULL" readers will see that this is not a price-reducing offer of sale or job goods, but a chance of securing underwear of a quality that cannot be equalled at double the price.

ALTHOUGH there were nearly 2,000,000 garments these are being rapidly cleared, and you would be well advised to secure your supply without delay.

SINCE THE COMPLETION OF THIS HUGE DEAL MANY OFFERS OF SO-CALLED GOVERNMENT UNDERWEAR ARE BEING MADE, BUT THESE MUST NOT BE CONFUSED AND CANNOT BE COMPARED WITH THESE GENUINE BRITISH GOVERNMENT GARMENTS OFFERED BY US AND WHICH CANNOT BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

TO PLACE THESE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL OUR DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF THESE GARMENTS AT 129, STRAND, IS OPEN EVERY DAY UNTIL 8 P.M., AND ON SATURDAYS UNTIL 9 P.M. LARGE STAFF OF CAPABLE ASSISTANTS. NO WAITING.

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF THOSE UNABLE TO CALL, ORDERS CAN BE SENT BY POST, ENCLOSED 5/- FOR EACH GARMENT AND POSTAGE EXTRA AS FOLLOWS:—1 or 2 GARMENTS 1/-, 4 GARMENTS 2/-, 6 GARMENTS 3/-, 8 GARMENTS 4/-, 10 GARMENTS 5/-. LARGER QUANTITIES CARRIAGE FREE. TREASURY NOTES MUST BE REGISTERED. EVERY ORDER WILL RECEIVE THE SAME CAREFUL ATTENTION AS IF YOU HAD PERSONALLY CALLED.

BOLSOM BROS. guarantees that every garment is new, unissued and unissued British Government surplus stock, is perfect in every detail, and is sold under a warranty of absolute satisfaction, or money refunded in full upon return of goods as received within 7 days.

Post your ORDER NOW!

IMPORTANT.

BOLSOM BROS. have also acquired the last million genuine British Government Red Flannel Army Shirts, which actually cost 11/6 to produce. Our price 5/6 each, postage extra as above. In all three Natural colour. When ordering by post state size of collar.

BOLSOM BROS., Government Surplus Depot, (Dept. 12), 129, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT BOOTS

HAVE BEEN PROVED TO BE THE MOST RELIABLE THE WORLD EVER PRODUCED, AND THE HUGE CONTRACTS RECENTLY COMPLETED BY BOLSON BROS. WITH THE DISPOSALS BOARD HAVE ENABLED THEM TO GIVE READERS THE GREATEST BOOT BARGAINS EVER OFFERED, BUT GRADUALLY THE STOCKS ARE BEING CLEARED, AND ONCE THESE ARE DISPOSED OF, THE OPPORTUNITY CAN NEVER OCCUR AGAIN.

Below are illustrated the New British Government Army boots, and also other boots that are guaranteed to give the greatest comfort during the hardest wear possible in all weathers—every pair is honestly worth double the price. Two Special Ladies' Winter Boots, especially built for comfort and strength, are also described below. These are all offered at the one standard price of 20/- per pair. Therefore, take advantage of this offer, and POST YOUR ORDER WITHOUT DELAY, or call. Open every day until 8 p.m., Saturday until 9 p.m.



No. 70

No. 70.—NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOT.

SPECIFICATION: Real Kid Grained Uppers, screwed and stitched to heel. Full water-tight Tongue, a single solid butt sole, solid all-leather heels.

Postage 2/- extra.
Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12.

Our Price **20/-** Per Pair.

Without question the biggest Boot Bargain ever offered.
Worth 50/-

SOUTH AFRICAN DOUBLE SOLE WATER-PROOF FIELD BOOT.

(S.S. No. 23). In Black or Tan. SPECIFICATION: Real Black Box Calf, or Superior Tan Calf, Uppers Leather lined throughout, two single solid butt soles. Full Waterproof Tongue. No better boot made for smart appearance, comfort and endurance. The ideal winter boot for Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, country walking and all sports.

Worth 45/-

Our Price **20/-**

Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's and 12's, 1/- extra).

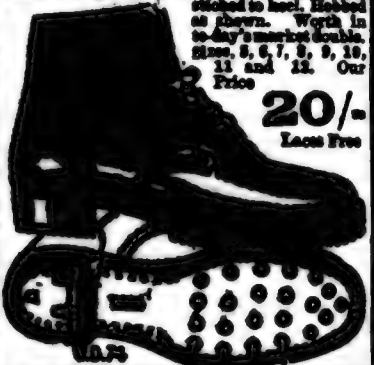


No. 20

Get out this advert. and keep for future reference.

W.D. 74.—BRITISH GOVERNMENT NEW no cap regulation Army Boot, as illustrated. Specification: Real Kid Grained Uppers, water-proof, 2 single solid butt soles, screwed and stitched to heel. Hobbed as shown. Worth in to-day's market double.

Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. Our Price **20/-** Laces Free.



No. 74

No. 72.—OFFICERS TAN NEW DERBY BOOT, as illustrated. Specification: Real Tan Calf Uppers. Finest quality leather lined throughout. Leather lined through to toe. Solid butt sole. The Ideal Winter Boot for every purpose. Worth double. Also ditto in Black. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's and 12's 1/- extra). Our Price **20/-** Laces Free.

Our Price **20/-**

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20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

R.R. No. 17.—OUR FAMOUS STOUT DERBY WINTER BLACK OR TAN BOOT. This boot has been specially built for every purpose. The three main essentials—comfort, smart appearance, and leather of a quality that stands hard continuous wear—are incorporated in its manufacture. Stout Derby pattern, with particularly stout sole and chrome uppers. Every pair warranted and stamped all leather. Stocked in sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's and 12's 1/- extra). Worth 35/- Our price **20/-**

Our Price **20/-**

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

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R.R. No. 18.—REGULATION NAVAL PATTERN BOOT.

Without question the strongest, most reliable, and the best value ever given in footwear. Just the boot for hard wear and endurance. Derby pattern. Stout Black Chrome Uppers. No cap. Leather lined forepart. Welted (made in the hand-sewn way). All leather. Honestly worth 35/-.

Our Price **20/-**

Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's and 12's 1/- extra.)

20/- Laces Free.

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20/- Laces Free.

NOTE THESE FOUR POINTS.

1. Damp-proof lining between upper and first sole. 2. Stout first all-leather sole. 3. Patent Waterproof layer between the two soles. 4. Stout solid bend outer sole, fully water and damp proof. See that the three stamps are on the soles. No others genuine.

W.D. 78.—BRITISH GOVERNMENT NEW no cap Derby Boot, as illustrated. Specification: Superior Real Russet Tan Kip Uppers, Solid Butt Soles, Hand Sewn and whole lift all leather heels. This boot is worth double the price. Sizes: 6, 7, 8, 9 only. Laces free. Our price **20/-**

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20/- Laces Free.

R.R. No. 2.—SMART WELTED BALMORAL BOOT in Real Box Calf. Real Tan Willow Calf or Real Glace Kid Light or Medium weight. Perfectly finished. Made on the hand-sewn principle. A smart boot for town or country wear. Worth 35/-.

Also in Derby Pattern. (Quote No. 1.) Our Price **20/-**

Sizes 5 to 10's (11's and 12's 1/- extra.)

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

20/- Laces Free.

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POST your order NOW to the largest Boots-by-post business in the World with 20/- for each pair and 1/3 extra postage (No. 70 2/- extra) stating number and size required, and your order will be sent by post without delay. Register Treasury Notes and make Postal Orders payable to BOLSOM BROS. In the rare event of the Boots or Shoes not fitting perfectly, we will exchange them with pleasure; or if you do not approve of them you can return them within seven days, and your money will be refunded without question or quibble. Foreign postage extra.

Our Price **20/-**

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 98, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

"FLAPPER" (Harrogate).—"I congratulate you on your success in the editorial chair." The fact that we have so far earned the approval of our readers is the one thing that enables us to sleep at nights.

"CUTIE KID."—We much appreciate your tender enquiries after our health. Glad to say no special complaint at present, as the sexton said when he buried the squire.

"JUSTICE SEEKER" (Durrington).—"The extent to which sentences for the same offence differ between one Judge and another, and at various Assizes, is a positive scandal. The case you mention has our close attention."

"DUNCAN."—"Unless the matters in dispute are of public interest, we do not care to interfere in domestic squabbles. No law against your doing so if you've got the cheek."

"NIMROD" (Bury).—"Now, JOHN BULL, no whitewashing this time, mind! Certainly not, and if we had the least idea what you were talking about we might be still more emphatic."

"ZENDA" (Newquay).—"We note that you have given your boy a little extra pocket money out of which he is to buy JOHN BULL. Probably if the truth were known that was at the back of his mind when he asked for it."

"HUN HATER" (Brighton).—"All Lloyd George seems to do is to flit about to Conferences." But they tell us that between times he takes substantial nourishment."

"VIRGIN."—"We note that if we publish your sketch, 'Memories,' we may 'remove the pleonastic adjectives.' The office boy has instructions to do so, though on no account to substitute epithets of his own."

A. B. P. (Tunbridge Wells).—"We do not admit your criticism of our 'Printer's Pie.' The cook who prepares it has a chaste and discerning judgment."

MRS. R. B. (Fishponds).—"It is time we had someone like you to rouse up the sleepy heads." For that sweet word, dear lady, and your many compliments, our warmest thanks."

"SLAM."—"You have us with you, sir, to a man." And, between ourselves, the ladies are coming on wonderfully."

"BAD LAD" (Newbury).—"I see Charles Dickens is a 'mutual friend' of ours." Evidently, and no wonder, for the great Victorian novelist was the unflinching champion of the bottom dog."

"CANDIDA."—"Your criticisms of our grammar duly noted. What our Sub-Editor said about you would make a bargee blush."

J. H. J. (Widnes).—"Thanks, but we are not to be inveigled into a discussion of the tenets of Roman Catholicism. We were born long enough ago to know that there is an element of good in all religions."

"HOMESICK" (Monte Video).—"My idea of JOHN BULL is the perfection of honour and justice." Correct, though a little obvious"

T. R. T. (Hove).—"If there isn't very much pressure on your space—Shurrup!"

MISS A. C. R. (Cheltenham).—"I drew the line and said, 'This is not for me.'" Quite right, too, in the circumstances. Was it in a cab?"

"LIMPET" (Leeds).—"I am terribly afraid of calves." The only safeguard we can suggest is to cultivate loftier thoughts."

"WAVERLEY" (Gloucester).—"God does not hold people guilty when they do things in ignorance." That will not excuse you if your letters should drive us to suicide."

S. H. E. (Dunkirk).—"Can one have a headache without brains?" That obviously is a matter upon which our experience can afford no useful guidance."

"SILVER STAR" (Cirencester).—"It requires brains to write from imagination." That, we believe, is an axiom in Fleet Street."

W. M. (Hammersmith, W.).—"We would like to help you if only we could be certain as to the nature of your 'complaint.' Do you make creaky noises in your bath?"

"IGNORANT" (St. Leonard's-on-Sea).—"The Daily Chronicle is the morning newspaper in closest accord with the Prime Minister, but we would not like to say it was 'subsidised.' As the proverb hath it, 'There are more ways of killing a dog than choking it with butter.'"

T. S. H. (Derby).—"So you think, in regard to the asylum you mention, that 'the outside was the best side.' We fancy the same thing applies to all of them."

"MAC." (Letchworth).—"The only point to your story seems to be that while in hospital you 'heard the night nurse tell a patient it was two o'clock.' Surely it may have been a wholly innocent intimation."

J. J. T. (Southsea).—"What is the sense of calling us 'The Mother of the Free'?" We never called you the mother of anything, but if you are referring to the song, we share your ironic humour."

K. K. M. (Dorking).—"They may tell me to hold my tongue, but I shall go on writing." That's right, and get someone else to lick the stamps."

"LANDLADY."—"Give me a gentleman if he is considerate." We will see what we can do, but the market is fearfully crowded."

"NANNY GOAT" (Fratton).—"Sorry to hear of the uneasy progress of your love affair. Our earnest advice to you is to be a bit bolder and chance it."

C. R. H. (Yeovil).—"The fee of eleven guineas a day for the oculist to the Bridgwater Education Committee sounds a bit steep; on the other hand, it would be folly to employ an unskilled man who might blind the poor kids."

"LEAN COW" (Wivelsfield).—"You needn't be afraid that we shall address you through the post by your *nom-de-plume*. Why this vaccine humour?"

A. B. D. (Colchester).—"We like your poem immensely, except that it is too long, not clear enough, deals with an unsuitable subject, and is not of sufficient interest. Otherwise, it's a beauty."

Mrs. M. (Kennington, S.E.).—"We note your opinion that your next-door neighbour is 'very ignorant,' but strongly urge you not to make a song about it in the back garden."

"COMBER HOUSE."—"Do you know the story of the man who went to a thought-reader and she smacked his face?" We do, but it's so low that we are ashamed to say so."

R. R. (Huddersfield).—"Grocers as a class are neither rogues nor thieves." Nor murderers, to do them justice."

H. B. T. (Liverpool).—"You should ponder well before marrying the girl whom you describe as 'a perfect angel.' Seraphic wings on mortal shoulders are so apt to come unstuck."

A. R. L. (Warrington).—"I expect you will be very surprised to get a letter from me." Overjoyed would be a better word."

C. W. T. (Crawley).—"What is the best way of settling about to get a young lady?" Bald-headed for the first one that takes your fancy."

"MUFTI" (Bolton).—"Have you seen Professor Huxley's suggestion about the reversal of sex?" We have, and are strongly persuading one or two chaps we know to try it."

Miss F. V. S. (Maidenhead).—"I had a curious bean offered to me yesterday." Do you mean that you had a proposal of marriage?"

"SANFARIAN."—"Afraid without fuller particulars we could not diagnose the causes of your loss of appetite. Possibly rival amusements make too great a claim upon your attention."

"RED MULLET" (Llandudno).—"So you think your landlord is 'either as deaf as a post or has a heart of stone.' From what you say he said to you, we should be more than inclined to think that he had had two over the eight."

"EX-SERVICE MAN" (St. Annes-on-the-Sea).—"As you refused a job—even a temporary one as conductor on a tramcar for the season—we are afraid you are not entitled to unemployment pay. Pity you didn't take it—the post might have proved a permanent one."

"IN DOUBT" (Luton).—"According to present arrangements, the Dominions make no regular contribution to the Imperial exchequer. If you think they ought to, you might take a voyage round the world and mention it."

Mrs. B.—"I have taken you in from the start." And the beauty of it is we have never taken you in once."

"CONVERT" (Taunton).—"There seems no reason to believe that your unpleasant dream was 'a vision from God.' More likely it proceeded from the internal regions."

"SYMPATHISER" (Letchworth).—"Can one wonder why girls get married?" One can, but one guesses."

"WANG LU" (Wimborne).—"I do not like to see young married ladies flirt." Neither do we, but some of the sweet things are incorrigible."

A. N. (Canterbury).—"The Old Age Pension was a misnomer from the start." One of the Prime Minister's "terminological inexactitudes," eh?"

"WENDY" (Babbacombe).—"If we said your letter was 'good and well-constructed,' as you want us to, we should be trifling with the truth. But it is bright, original, and wonderfully varied in design."

"NANCY" (Dulwich).—"I am immortal, so cannot be finished off." That is logical, though less luminous than we might wish."

R. B. (Hunstanton).—"We like your 'Story of the Beggar' in verse, especially the last line, where 'the poor old beggar died,' although between ourselves we think he might have dropped off in the second stanza with greater artistic effect."

J. F. (Dewsbury).—"Although you criticise our 'Printer's Pie,' you will admit that to refer in common speech to 'the back of the chest' is very unusual, if not positively indelicate."

J. K. (Littlehampton).—"I have been married twelve years and have no children." Afraid cannot advise until we know if you're crowing or complaining."

"PLAIN JOHN" (Totnes).—"I haven't had much education, it's true, but I've got some commonsense, I hope." Not a doubt of it from your letter, and you can take it from us that it's a lot better than Greek and Latin."

J. W. W. (Weymouth).—"So you think the same man was responsible for the Bournemouth murder, the Eastbourne murder, the Peterborough murder, and the Wakeford case. We must make a note of the suggestion."

J. K. (Bantry).—"Your article on the Irish situation is full of irreproachable sentiments, but unfortunately we have no space for it, although greatly obliged by the offer. Aren't editors polite?"

R. C. H. (London, W.).—"It certainly does appear that the rate-collectors of Paddington send out their compliments on needlessly expensive paper. Far better if they followed your example and pinched a few telegraph forms."

J. G. L. (Bletchley).—"I shall be grateful to receive your advice before accepting the offer of Stanley Bruce, of 192, Alexandra Road, N.W." If you wait for it you never will accept it, so we will leave it at that."

"SUBURBANITE."—"No use writing to us because you don't like 'the expression of the neighbours' faces.' Think what they must suffer."

Miss LUCY LONG.—Miss Florence M. E. Davis, of Trewyn, Corwen, desires information as to the present whereabouts of this girl, formerly a scholar at St. Elphinstone's School, Darley Dale, and afterwards, it is believed, an inmate of the Haydock Lodge and Lancaster County Asylums."

"SEPTUAGENARIAN."—"I am the happiest old woman on earth." Accept our warm congratulations."

"TYPIST" (Bailham, S.W.).—"We cannot say why the advertisement required the lady secretary to have 'good natural teeth.' Perhaps because they shouldn't click and disturb her principal."

H. H. C. (Horsham).—"You might as well tell the wind not to blow as advise me not to write." Exactly; it's a gift."

"KAYKEEBEE" (Luton).—"Because they said I was drunk, my request for water was refused." Too bad, but between ourselves, we have heard of worse scandals in this free and happy land."

"LONESOME" (Montreal).—"Fancy writing twenty pages and then telling us you 'have not strength enough to hold a pen.' You beat the band."

"MAID OF ALL WORK."—"I think married couples know as much about service as maids." You bet they do, and a lot more about other things."

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Are you in trouble? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

2 ND PRIZE £100	FOR VERSES	3 RD PRIZE £50
10 ^{Prizes} of £10	£500 FIRST PRIZE	4 ^{Prizes} of £25 FOR CHILDREN
ADVERTISING NEW-PIN & BRITOLIC SOAPS		

£850 IN CASH PRIZES MUST BE WON

ALL that you have to do is to make up a four line verse advertising our "NEW-PIN" and "BRITOLIC" SOAPS. Here is an example to guide you:—

"New-Pin" makes the work grow lighter,
Hands not chapped but soft and nice;
"Britolic" makes the Home seem brighter,
At a reason—a—ble price.

The choice of wording, metre and the length of the lines we leave entirely to you. There are no restrictions in these particulars whatever.

SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR CHILDREN

In addition there will be a Special Competition under the same rules for Children who are under 12 years of age on the 31st March, 1922, for which Miss New-Pin offers

**4 PRIZES OF £25 EACH
SEND NO MONEY**



SEIZE THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Available to March 31st, 1922.

RULES

1. Cut out the small reproduction of the Girl on the "New-Pin" Carton, and send it with your verse, and your name and address and the name and address of the Shopkeeper from whom you bought your "NEW-PIN" Soap, to:—

Miss NEW-PIN,

**C/o Messrs. Pool's Advertising Service,
180, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.**

(For Special Children's Competition, envelopes to be marked in top left hand corner, Children's Competition)

2. The thirteen Prizes will be awarded, in order of merit, to those who in the opinion of the Judge (The Editor of the "Daily Chronicle," in consultation with Messrs. Pool's) are considered to have submitted the best thirteen verses complying with these conditions. The Children's Competition will be adjudged separately.

3. Entries are only accepted on the distinct understanding that the decisions of the Judge in consultation with Messrs. Pool's are accepted as legally binding in all respects.

4. Any number of attempts may be submitted in one or more envelopes, but each separate attempt must be accompanied by a reproduction of the Girl on the Carton, and the addresses as required by Rule No. 1 above.

5. The Competition is open from **January 1st, 1922, until the 31st March, 1922.** Entries received after 31st March, 1922, will not be considered.

6. The Competition is not open to employees of The British Soap Co., Ltd., or Messrs. Pool's Advertising Service.

7. In addition **Miss NEW-PIN** will have much pleasure in presenting to those Shopkeepers whose names are given with the thirteen selected verses, bonuses on the following scale:—

1st £200 2nd £50 3rd £20

and **£10** each for the remaining ten prizes.
(NOTE—Bonus does not apply to Children's Competition.)

8. List of Prize Winners will be published in the Press at a date to be announced later.

THE BRITISH SOAP CO., Ltd.
"New-Pin" Works, Wilmington, Hull

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER!

NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS (SEE BELOW).

2ND PRIZE

£100

10 Pages of £5

50 Pages of 10/-

1000 Pages of 2/6

BIG 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE

£1,000

3RD PRIZE

£50

10 Pages of £2-10/-

200 Pages of 5/-

3000 TARGET PRIZES

2000 POPULAR NOVELS

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Forty examples given below. Then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can **EACH** begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet:—WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. Competitors may send in two "Bullets" for sixpence. An entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 438.

IRISH FREE STATE
WHAT LLOYD GEORGE THINKS
HEAVEN AND HELL
AFTER THE BALL
I DON'T THINK
WHEN SPIRITS APPEAR
NOT MADE IN GERMANY
CUP OF SORROW
NATIONAL DEBT
MARRIED OR SINGLE

HIS MASTER'S VOICE
WINSTON'S LATEST
WANTED AGAIN
DOUBTFUL STARTER
POSTPONED
WOMAN'S PLACE
THING THAT MATTERS
OUR EXPORTS
FRIEND OR FOE
A FROST

THE MORMONS
SUSPICIOUS
A BARGAIN
BORROWING
UPSIDE DOWN
A SAFE SEAT
TAKE ALL
OVERCROWDED
NOT GUILTY
PAY UP

SCOTLAND YARD
STOREY PASSAGE
THE NEXT ELECTION
A SPLIT
CLOSING TIME
ANOTHER STORY
SPIDER AND FLY
HAPPY COUPLE
HARDY ANNUAL
FLAPPER'S CHEEK

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 16th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(438) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Address _____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 16th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(438) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 438, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 16th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(438) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 16th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(438) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Address _____

Result of Competition No. 438 ("Bullets" £1,000 offer) will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.
4. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
6. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 438.

ONLY WAY OUT
BROTHERLY LOVE
DOUBTFUL
WHAT PREMIER LIKES
MODERN COUPLE
OUT OF IRELAND
EXTINCT
TOP GUN THING
SKIN AND BONE
NEXT DOOR
NOT MARRIED
LONG RUN
CHEAPER AND BETTER
BALD HEAD
PLAYING FOR SAFETY
ALL PUT
BEER AND TOBACCO
TAUGHT A LESSON
A FRAUD
OLD HANDS.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, Feb. 23rd. All coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 438 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 438, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition 438.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 17. (Continued from last week.)

Stanton, T., 15, William St., Preston; Steele, J., 41, Tolson St., Lower Broughton; Starrock, H., 40, Union St., Dundee; Taylor, A., 7, Mornington Ter., N.E. Portsmouth; Taylor, G., Fairy Hill, Pontefract; Tallwell, J. G., 35, Adwick Lane, Adwick-le-Street, nr. Doncaster; Teale, L., Dumbleton, nr. Evesham; Thody, Mrs., 75, Lonsdale Rd., Oxford; Thompson, W., 45, Broadway West, Redcar; Thorne, B., 105, Hazelbury Rd., Fulham, S.W.; Thorpe, W., 17, Ashfield Rd., Burnley; Tolkein, L., 20, Tavistock Av., Walthamstow; Townsend, C., 1, Eagle Mans., Stoke Newington, N.; Townsend, E., 6, Barley Bank St., Darwen, Lancs.; Uloth, H., 3, Whitehall Gdns., Chiswick, W.; Underwood, J., 39, Bycote St., Deansgate, M'ner; Vale, J., 16, Rimhurst Rd., Handsworth, B'ham.; Varaham, F., 63, Bounton Rd., Waltham Abbey; Vockins, E., 47, Gower Rd., Royston; Walte, H., Old Hatch Gate, Crazies Hill, Henley-on-Thames; Walker, W., 2, Hicks Ter., Edentown, Carlisle; Wardale, J., 189, Broadway, Cricklewood, N.W.; Wark, J., 7, Mostyn Av., Wembley; Waters, Mrs., "Milton Lodge," Milton St., Coventry; Waters, J., 67, Brighton Rd., Red Hill, Surrey; Welch, W., 10, Silver St., Durham; Westall, D., 222, Lymington Av., Wood Green, N.; Wharmby, E., 32, Napier Rd., Leytonstone, E.11; White, C., 50, Brookdale Rd., Walthamstow; Wilkinson, Mrs. I., 22, Beavell Rd., Holloway, N.; Williams, G., Tanyarn, Fwllbell; Williams, J., Stretton Gdns., nr. Stafford; Williams, P., 3, Miss Harrington, Queen St., Castle Hedingham; Wilson, S., 136, Durban Rd., Grimsby; Winders, J., Poulton, Fairford, Glos.; Wolland, Mrs. L., 10, Digby St., Barrow Rd., Bristol; Wren, A., 30, Vale Rd., Tonbridge; Yates, A., 127, Norwood Rd., Horne Hill, S.E.; Yates, T. (Senr.), 17, Pather Bldg., Wislaw.

WHY PAY
FIRE INSURANCE
PREMIUMS

THE
JOHN BULL
GREAT FREE
FIRE
INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY
FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 20 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 8s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to £200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home £200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye £200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye £100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to £10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks £1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To _____ Newsagent

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed _____

Address _____

February 4, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 6, Long Acre, London, W.C.2., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with _____ Newsagent, &

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee _____

Address _____

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) _____

Home Address _____

February 4, 1922.

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose rd. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 438, can now be seen in the window of Messrs. W. E. Morton & Son, Southgate, Herts.

ONE WEEK! BIGGEST EXCLUSIVE FOOTBALL PRIZE ONE WEEK!

£2,000 FOR AN ALL CORRECT COUPON

£500 MUST BE WON IN ANY EVENT

THE sum of £2,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the fourteen matches given. If nobody sends fourteen correct results, £500 will be paid for the most nearly correct coupon received. This Competition is open for ONE WEEK ONLY and is

EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL" AND THE "BOY'S PICTORIAL."

Coupons can ONLY be taken from THIS WEEK'S issues of these two papers.

THEY DO NOT APPEAR IN ANY OTHER PAPER.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons.

Scottish and Irish readers can compete.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from this week's issues of "JOHN BULL" and "Boy's Pictorial." Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £2,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the fourteen matches given. If no coupon is received containing all fourteen correct results, £500 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with most correct results. If one or more of the matches is not played to a finish on the date given, or as set out on the coupon, the prize of £2,000 will not be awarded; but £500 will be paid for the best forecast received of the remaining fixtures. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally

How to Fill up Your Coupons.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." Only one X must be entered for each match. Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the prize.

(3) Fourteen crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, Feb. 9th, will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS. Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 16, "JOHN BULL," 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Matches to be played Saturday, February 11th.

Coupons must reach us not later than Thursday, February 9th.

HOME TEAM	AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Bradford City v.	W. Bromwich A.			
Manchester U. v.	Huddersfield T.			
Preston N. E. v.	Cardiff City			
Sheffield U. v.	Bolton W.			
West Ham U. v.	Hull City			
Port Vale v.	Notts County			
South Shields v.	Crystal Palace			
W'hampton W. v.	Fulham			
Exeter City v.	Southampton			
Millwall v.	Queen's P. R.			
Southend U. v.	Charlton A.			
Halifax Town v.	Ashington			
Tranmere R. v.	Darlington			
Wigan Borough v.	Crewe Alexandra			

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page.

(19)

SIGNED

ADDRESS



QUERIES FOR COMPETITION No. 14:

What Do the Hermans Want?
What is a Gentleman?
When is Silence Golden?
What is it Money Won't Buy?
What is Best Forgotten?
Why Was Hushy Late?
What is Dangerous to State?
What Do You Think of Eric Godden?
Why is a Pretty Girl Like a Box of Chocolates?
What Did the Little Bird Whisper?

FIVE "TENNERS" A WEEK— and many other prizes.

HERE is a chance for "John Bull" readers to enter for "QUERIES"—the fascinating competition now running in the "LONDON MAIL" and "PARKING SHOW." ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to answer in not more than nine words, one or more of the questions given. To attract competitors a better chance of a big prize, FIVE PRIZES OF £10 EACH are offered; they will be awarded for the five best answers received. Then, five prizes of £10 each. MUST BE WON. You can answer any one of the questions on the coupon below. If you want to answer more than one, enter attempts can be sent on plain paper. You can send more than one answer to the same "Query." A postal order at the rate of sixpence for each answer must be sent.

Address your envelope to "QUERIES," No. 14, 88, Long Acre, London W.C.2.

No. 14 (J.B.)

Closing Date, Feb. 14th.

YOUR ANSWER MUST CONSIST OF NOT MORE THAN NINE WORDS.

Query

Answer

P.O. No.

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced.

Signed

Address

P.O. at rate of 6d. for each answer must be sent.

EXTRA ATTEMPTS CAN BE SENT ON PLAIN PAPER.

BAD LEG.

Mrs Hardy, of Grimsby, Cured by Germolene.

First Dressing Worked Wonders.

The old method of treating skin complaints with antiseptic ointments, lotions and salves is a thing of the past. Germolene, the new aseptic dressing, has definitely revolutionised skin treatment, and the corroding and drastic influence of antiseptic drugs has given place to the soothing, cleansing, and healing action of medicaments which have made Germolene the triumph of the century so far as domestic skin treatment is concerned. Day by day conclusive evidence of this fact comes to hand, and the following instance is one of thousands.

Mrs. Hardy, of 10, Spring Cottages, Lower Spring Street, Great Grimsby, ten months ago contracted a bad leg of a very serious nature owing to a scratch. An ulcer formed that grew

and deepened until it seemed to have reached the very bone. The unfortunate lady could hardly stand on account of the pain and swelling, and when she was induced to try Germolene, she was almost in despair. But to use her own words: "The first dressing worked wonders; the swelling went down, and soon my leg was quite cured. It has never troubled me in the least since then."

The sole manufacturers of Germolene are the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., of Manchester, and it is made in the same remarkable laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets and Veno's Cough Cure. Germolene was awarded four gold medals at international exhibitions. Sold at 3s. per tin (1s. 3d. the small size) by all chemists. [Advt.]

The CITY LIFE Assurance Company, Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:

CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2

Telephone: CENTRAL 29 and 35

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds - £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed - £2,250,000

Managing Director,
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

Venerable Diseases.

Safeguard Your Health

THE real safeguard is chastity. If you are in any doubt or difficulty, write to the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 84a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1, from whom free information can be obtained.

Everyone should possess the "Well-Read Library" (7 books on social subjects) 1/3 post free.

Phillips 'Military' Keep your feet warm and dry in winter. Save pounds in a year.

SOLES & HEELS.

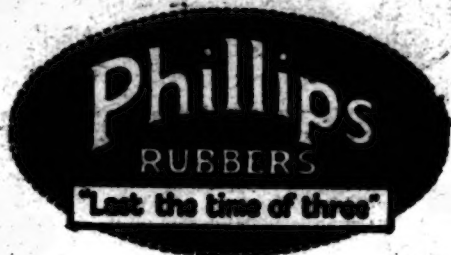
Men's Stout ... 5/6
" Light ... 4/6
Youths ... 4/-
Ladies' ... 3/-
Small Children's 2/-
per set.

Supplied with new type of light tacks for grip and easy fitting.

HEELS ONLY.

Men's Stout ... 2/-
" Light ... 1/6
Ladies' ... 1/-
per pair.

Fitting Extra.



Fortify your Soles!

OF ALL BOOTMAKERS.

CLARNICO
CLARNICO RIDDLES, No. 6.

Why are Clarnico Caramels like a perfect melody?
BECAUSE THEY'RE SUCH A 'SWEET' COMPOSITION



Don't ask for "sweets"; say "CLARNICO CARMELS." Sweet indeed but, in addition, the best and purest confectionery you can buy. Always ask for CLARNICO CARMELS.

Clarnico Cream Caramels.
Clarnico Lily Caramels (with almonds).
Clarnico Chocolate-Lily Caramels.

Sold in small boxes, avoiding exposure and handling; also loose by weight.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.

CLARNICO

JUST OUT!

"John Bull's" Great New Racing Game

"Odds On"



The Upper Section revolves independently

"JOHN BULL'S" great new racing game has put "Put and Take" in the shade. "Odds On" gives you horses and odds—all the thrills of the racecourse—in a shilling top that you can carry in your waistcoat pocket. Make sure of yours NOW. Just Out! On Sale at all Newsagents, Toy Shops and Stationers. 1/-

NOTE TO THE TRADE: Share in the great "Odds On" Top Boom. Orders should be sent to your wholesaler without delay. For News and Stationery Trade: ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Sundries Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. For Toy Trade - Wholesale: H. S. HOOPER (London) Ltd., 64, Gt. Eastern St., E.C. 2. London Wall 1817-6.



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WHOOPING COUGH

The Ideal Family Remedy cures a Whole Family of Little Sufferers.

Mrs. York, of 2, King's Road, Rushden, Northants, says: "I shall always praise Ven's Lightning Cough Cure for the good it has done my children. Some years ago one of my little boys caught whooping cough, and was very ill indeed. The attack came on in the night, and I had constantly to be on the alert ready to run to his assistance. My husband suggested Ven's. He had taken it himself, and knew its value. So I got some, and very soon there was improvement and quickly the child recovered his normal health. Since then Ven's has cured my other children of the same ailment. It is quite wonderful. Children like it too."



Ven's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Sweetest Remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS.
LUNG TROUBLES.
NASAL CATARRH.
BRONCHITIS.
ASTHMA.

1/3
A BOTTLE.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.
WHOOPING COUGH.
BLOOD SPITTING.
HOARSENESS.
INFLUENZA.

Large size 2s. The 2s. size is more economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the World over.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE



Prevents that Sinking Feeling.

February Number—just out!



Would you know?

All true film enthusiasts will recognize the above outline at once as representing a famous kine star. Do you know who he is?

It means so much more

It more than doubles the pleasure of going to the Pictures to know all about the lives and careers of film stars—to be able to tell your friends how pictures are made—what happens 'behind the screen'—what is the latest gossip in filmland. Every well-informed film enthusiast is a reader of the "Picturegoer"—the most beautiful movie magazine in the world.

Don't miss these fine features!

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Bill Hart's reminiscences of the old West.
Movies in the Making.
The truth about leading ladies.
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A long interview with Sessue Hayakawa and his wife.
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Magnificent full page art plates of Neilson, Wesley Barry, Ellis Norwood, Alma Rubens, Juanita Hanson, and Herbert Rawlinson.
The Irish Mother.
Beautiful double page picture of Mary Alden, well worth framing; etc., etc.

Get the February Number to-day!



Look for this Cover.

The Picturegoer

THE MOVIE MAGAZINE DE LUXE.
64 Pages - 4 Colours All Photographs - 1/-
Proprietors: ODHAMS PRESS LTD.